At the Court at KENSINGTON,

December the 3d, 1696.

PRESENT

The KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty in COUNCIL.

UPON the Humble Petitions of N. BRADY *and* N. TATE, *this Day read at the Board, ſetting forth, that the Petitioners have, with their utmoſt Care and Induſtry, compleated,* A New Verſion of the Pſalms of David, in Engliſh Metre, fitted for publick Uſe; *and humbly praying his Majeſty's Royal Allowance, that the Verſion may be uſed in ſuch Congregations as think fit to receive it:*

His Majeſty taking the ſame into His Royal Conſideration, is pleaſed to order in Council, that the ſaid New Verſion of the Pſalms in Engliſh Metre, *be, and the ſame is hereby Allowed and Permitted to be uſed in all Churches, Chapels, and Congregations as ſhall think fit to receive the ſame.*

W. BRIDGMAN.

A

New Version

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID

Fitted to the

TUNES uſed in CHURCHES.

BY

N. BRADY, *D. D.*
Chaplain in Ordinary

AND

N. TATE, *Eſq;*
Poet-Laureat

To His MAJESTY.

LONDON:

Printed by J. ROBERTS, for the Company of STATIONERS. MDCCXLVI.

And are to be Sold at STATIONERS-HALL, near *Ludgate*, and by moſt Bookſellers.

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PSALM I.

1 HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
by ill Advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways; nor ſits
where Men profanely talk!
2 But makes the perfect Law of God
his Buſ'neſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.
3 Like ſome fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
all his Deſigns attend.
4 Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
no laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd
like Chaff before the Wind.
5 Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
among the Saints have Place.
6 For God approves the juſt Man's Ways;
to Happineſs they tend:
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2 The Great in Counſel and in Might
their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.
3 "Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands?"
preſumptuouſly they ſay:

" No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
" and caſt their Chains away."
4 But God, who ſits inthron'd on High,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Deſign.
5 Thick Clouds of Wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious Foes;
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak
to all that dare oppoſe:
6 " Though madly you diſpute my Will,
" the King that I ordain,
" Whoſe Throne is fix'd on Sion's Hill,
" ſhall there ſecurely reign."
7 Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree:
" Thou art my Son; this Day, my Heir,
" have I begotten thee.
8 " Aſk, and receive thy full Demands;
" thine ſhall the Heathen be;
" The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
" ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
9 Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou ſhall ſhake,
" and cruſh them ev'ry-where;
" As maſſy Bars of Iron break
" the Potter's brittle Ware."
10 Learn then, ye Princes; and give Ear,
ye Judges of the Earth;
11 Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear;
rejoice with awful Mirth.
12 Appeaſe the Son, with due Reſpect
your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13 If but in Part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

PSALM III.

1 HOW num'rous, Lord, of late are grown
the Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.
2 Inſulting, they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore;
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.
3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet
lift up my Head on high.
4 Since whenſoe'er, in like Diſtreſs,
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill;
why ſhould I now, deſpair?
5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
my ſweet Repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in Safety wake.
6 No Force nor Fury of my Foes
my Courage ſhall confound,
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.
7 Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe,
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.
8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
he only can defend;
His Bleſſing he extends to all,
that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O Lord, thou art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear.
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs:
have Mercy, Lord, and hear.

2 How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lyes?
3 Conſider, that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And, when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4 Then ſtand in Awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.
5 The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
6 While worldly Minds impatient grow,
more proſp'rous Times to ſee;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.
7 So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy
more laſting, and more true,
Than theirs who Stores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.
8 Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt:
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſs'd.

PSALM V.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
accept my ſecret Pray'r;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3 Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear;
and with the dawning Day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
4 For thou the Wrongs that I ſuſtain
canſt never, Lord, approve,

Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place
all Evil doſt remove.
5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View;
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things,
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.
6 The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood
and in Deceit employ'd.
7 But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.
8 Conduct me by thy righteous Laws;
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,
wherein I ought to go.
9 Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit,
their Heart is ſet on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave,
they flatter with their Tongue.
10 By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11 But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice, whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.
12 To righteous Men the righteous Lord
his Bleſſing will extend;
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord, reſtrain,
and ſpare a Wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be borne.

2 Have Mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aching Bones,
which thou alone canst cure.
3 My tortur'd Flesh distracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?
4 Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, repeat,
and ease my troubled Soul:
Lord, for thy wondrous Mercies sake,
vouchsafe to make me whole.
5 For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ners of the silent Grave
can magnify thy Name.
6 Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,
no Hope of Ease I see;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is spent in Tears by me.
7 My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakness close;
Old Age o'ertakes me, while I think
on my insulting Foes.
8 Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and listens to my Voice.
9, 10 He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that wish my Fall
Shall blush and rage, to see that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O LORD, my God, since I have plac'd
my Trust alone in thee,
From all my Persecutors Rage
do thou deliver me.
2 To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r;

Leſt, like a ſavage Lion, he
my helpleſs Soul devour.
3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
againſt his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not ſpar'd his Life,
who ſought unjuſtly mine;
5 Let then to perſecuting Foes
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Duſt my Honour lay.
6 Ariſe, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyſelf above my Foes,
and their inſulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my Behalf,
the Judgment to diſpenſe,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.
7 So to thy Throne adoring Crouds
ſhall ſtill for Juſtice fly:
Oh! therefore; for their Sakes, reſume
thy Judgment-ſeat on High.
8 Impartial Judge of all the World,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt Deſerts,
ſo let thy Sentence be.
9 Let wicked Arts, and wicked Men,
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Juſt, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11 God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe
who from his Laws depart.
12 If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
his Bow ſtands ready bent;
13 E'en now, with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are ſent.

14 The Plots are fruitleſs, which my Foe
unjuſtly did conceive:
15 The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.
16 On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilſt I from Harm am free:
On him the Violence is fall'n,
which he deſign'd for me.
17 Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wondrous Acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2 And yet thou mak'ſt the infant Tongue
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare.
Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng,
that Thee and Thine oppoſe.
3 When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on High,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light;
4 What's Man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wondrous kind?
5 Him next in Pow'r thou didſt create
to thy celeſtial Train,
6 Ordain'd with Dignity and State
o'er all thy Works to reign.
7 They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beaſts that prey or graze;

8 The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.
9 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame;
Thro' all the World how great are Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wondrous Works, declare.
2 The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3 Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful Flight:
Struck with thy Preſence, down they fell;
they periſh'd at thy Sight.
4 Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd,
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain,
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.
5 The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6 Miſtaken Foes, your haughty Threats
are to a Period come:
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.
7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.
9 God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

10 All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd,
will in his Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11 Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
from Sion his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12 When he Inquiry makes for Blood,
he'll call the Poor to mind;
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint
Relief from him ſhall find.
13 Take Pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's devouring Gate.
14 In Sion then I'll ſing thy Praiſe
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.
15 Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
inſenſibly betray'd.
16 Thus, by the juſt Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17 No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape,
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation, from his juſt Revenge,
by Numbers be ſecur'd.
18 His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſs'd,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectation ſhall be crown'd,
tho' for a time delay'd.
19 Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;

Deſcend

Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.
20 Strike Terror through the Nations round,
till, by conſenting Fear,
They to each other, and themſelves,
but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY Preſence why withdraw'ſt thou, Lord?
why hid'ſt thou now thy Face,
When diſmal Times of deep Diſtreſs
call for thy wonted Grace?
2 The Wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey;
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.
3 For ſtrait they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend;
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perverſly they commend.
4 To own a Pow'r above themſelves
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no Thought of God remains.
5 Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd
are far above their Sight:
6 They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortune free.
7 Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd, and Lyes;
By which the Miſchief of their Heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.
8 Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle and deſtroy.

9 Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
ſurpriſe their heedleſs Prey
With greater Cunning, or expreſs
more ſavage Rage, than they.
10 Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man,
and modeſt Looks they wear;
That, ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs
their ſudden Onſet fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
12 But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe;
ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.
13 No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and, proudly boaſting, ſay,
"Tuſh, God regards not what we do;
"he never will repay."
14 But, ſure, thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds
impartially doſt try:
The Orphan therefore, and the Poor,
on thee for Aid rely.
15 Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
till no Remains are left.
16 Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand;
Thou, who the Heathen didſt expel
from this thy choſen Land.
17 Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear,
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.
18 Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'ſt
the Fatherleſs and Poor;

That

That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly?
2 Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart,
Lurking in Ambuſh, to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.
3 When once the firm Aſſurance fails,
which public Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4 The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move.
5 If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Trial, does correct;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6 Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone, on their Heads
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cups ſhall pour.
7 The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
with ſignal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the Brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do Thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2 One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what t'other does impart;

With

With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.
3 But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4 In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
"Our Tongues are, ſure, our own;
"With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray,
"and be controul'd by none."
5 For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe, and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.
6 The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſhood be;
As is the Silver ſev'n times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.
7 The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd End;
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.
8 Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd,
ſhall be advanc'd on High.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
muſt I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh, never to return?
2 How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?
3 Oh, hear! and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.

4 Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame:
Permit not them that vex my Soul,
to triumph in my Shame.
5 Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring.
6 Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee, my God, aſcend,
Who, to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe,
that God is nothing but a Name:
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
no Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high Tow'r,
and all the Sons of Men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
if any Truth or Juſtice knew.
3 But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
all were degen'rate grown, and baſe;
None took Religion for their Guide,
not one of all the ſinful Race.
4 But can theſe Workers of Deceit
be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's Almighty Pow'r diſown?
5 How will they tremble then for Fear,
when his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake?
For to the Righteous God is near,
and never will their Cauſe forſake.
6 Ill Men in vain with Scorn expoſe
thoſe Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.
7 Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break his People's ſervile Band;

Then

Then Shouts of univerſal Joy
ſhould loudly echo through the Land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man, that may
to thy bleſt Courts repair;
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?
2 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry Thought and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the Thing his Heart diſproves.
3 Who never did a Slander forge,
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearkens to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.
4 Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.
Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
he makes his Promiſe good.
5 Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains
his Treaſure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.
The Man, who by this ſteady Courſe
has Happineſs enſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand,
by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty Arm.
2 My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but thee diſown;

Yet can no Deeds of mine requite
the Goodneſs Thou haſt ſhown.
3 But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
ſhall be my chief Delight.
4 How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore!
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt,
their very Names abhor.
5 My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land,
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand,
'tis He ſupports my Throne.
6 In Nature's moſt delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.
7 Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford,
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8 I ſtrive each Action to approve
to His all-ſeeing Eye;
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe He ſtill is nigh.
9 Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in Hope to riſe,
wak'd by His pow'rful Voice.
10 Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in Death
the leaſt Corruption ſee.
11 Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
that to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſure dwells without Allay,
and Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my juſt Plea, and ſad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord;
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.
2 As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.
3 For Thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day,
and viſited by Night;
And, on the ſtricteſt Trial, found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd, that my Tongue
ſhall no Offence commit.
4 I know what wicked Men would do,
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands
from bloody Paths reſtrain.
5 That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure,
O! guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.
6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
to Thee my Pray'r addreſs'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.
7 The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou, whoſe Right-hand preſerves thy Saints
from their Oppreſſors Rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care;
thy ſhelt'ring Wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes,
that compaſs me about:

10 O'er-

10 O'ergrown with Luxury, inclos'd
in their own Fat they lie;
And, with a proud blaſpheming Mouth,
both God and Man defy.
11 Well may they boaſt; for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round,
Their Eyes at Watch, their Bodies bow'd,
and couching on the Ground.
12 In Poſture of a Lion ſet,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a covert Way.
13 Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul;
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver Thou my Soul:
14 From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aſpire
no other Bliſs to know.
15 Their Race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance, while they live;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.
16 But I, in Uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without Controul;
And, waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2 NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſtock
my firm Affection, Lord, to Thee:
For Thou haſt always been my Rock,
a Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
my Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
at home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

3 To Thee I'll ſtill addreſs my Pray'r
(to whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe):
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4, 5 By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
with deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
in Death's unwieldy Fetters bound,
6 To Heav'n I made my mournful Pray'r,
to God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
and heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7 When God aroſe, to take my Part,
the conſcious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Poſts the Hills did ſtart,
nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8 Thick Clouds of Smoke diſpers'd abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath, before Him came;
Devouring Fire around Him glow'd,
that Coals were kindled at its Flame.
9 He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
whilſt Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head;
Beneath his Feet ſubſtantial Night
was, like a ſable Carpet, ſpread.
10 The Chariot of the King of Kings,
which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a ſtrong Tempeſt's rapid Wings,
with moſt amazing Swiftneſs, flew.
11, 12 Black watry Miſts and Clouds conſpir'd
with thickeſt Shades, His Face to veil;
But at His Brightneſs ſoon retir'd,
and fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,
God's angry Voice, did loudly roar;
While Earth's ſad Face with Heaps of Hail,
and Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14 His ſharpen'd Arrows round he threw,
which made his ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts his nimble Lightnings flew,
and quickly finiſh'd their Defeat.
15 The Deep its ſecret Stores diſclos'd,
the World's Foundation naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my Side engage;
from Heav'n, his Throne, my Cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
of threat'ning Waves, that proudly ſwell'd.
17 God his reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
my ſtrongeſt Foes Attempts to break;
Who elſe with Eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
the weak Defence that I could make.
18 Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
when I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill, when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19 From Dangers that inclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt Cauſe his Goodneſs found,
that mov'd Him to delight in me.
20 Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does His gracious Help extend:
My Hands are free from bloody Stains;
therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.
21, 22 For I His Judgments kept in Sight,
in His juſt Paths I always trod;
I never did His Statutes ſlight,
nor looſely wander'd from my God.
23, 24 But ſtill my Soul, ſincere and pure,
did e'en from darling Sins refrain;
His Favours therefore yet endure,
becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
to various Paths of human Kind;
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
with Thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhall Juſtice ſhow,
the Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſely chuſe to go,
ſhall meet with due Returns from Thee.
27, 28 That He the humble Soul will ſave,
and cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.
29 On His firm Succour I rely'd,
and did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd, whilſt He was on my Side,
the beſt defended Walls to ſcale.
30 For God's Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed;
His Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt:
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
and on His ſure Protection reſt.
31 Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
but God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the Mighty Lord,
can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
and all my juſt Deſigns fulfils;
Thro' Him, my Feet can ſwiftly run,
and nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.
34 Leſſons of War from Him I take,
and manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break,
forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.
35 The Buckler of His ſaving Health
protects me from aſſaulting Foes:
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill; my Wealth
and Greatneſs from His Bounty flows.

36 My Goings He enlarg'd abroad,
till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
the Method of my Steps deſign'd.
37 Thro' Him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
and flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
till I a final Conqueſt make.
38 Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear;
Spite of their boaſted Strength, they lie
beneath my Feet, and grovel there.
39 God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
recruits my Strength, my Courage warms;
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
ſubdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40 Thro' Him, the Necks of proſtrate Foes
my conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs;
Aided by Him, I root out thoſe
who hate and envy my Succeſs.
41 With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd,
but none was able to defend;
At length to God for Help they cry'd,
but God would no Aſſiſtance lend.
42 Like flying Duſt, which Winds purſue,
their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round;
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
like loathſome Dirt, that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
by God's Appointment, me obey;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
and foreign Nations own my Sway.
44 Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
when my ſucceſsful Name they hear;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.
45 All to my Summons tamely yield,
or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd;

For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
and ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46 Let the Eternal Lord be prais'd,
the Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt!
O'er higheſt Heav'ns His Name be rais'd,
who me with His Salvation bleſs'd!
47 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right;
His juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis He, that, with reſiſtleſs Might,
fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.
48 My univerſal Safeguard He!
from whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free
from my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.
49 Therefore, to celebrate His Fame,
my grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to His Name,
ſhall thus be taught to ſing His Praiſe:
50 "God to His King Deliv'rance ſends,
"ſhews His Anointed ſignal Grace:
"His Mercy evermore extends
"to David, and his promis'd Race."

PSALM XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which That alone can fill;
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their Great Creator's Skill.
2 The Dawn of each returning Day
freſh Beams of Knowlege brings;
From darkeſt Night's ſucceſſive Rounds
divine Inſtruction ſprings.
3 Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.
4 Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
thro' Earth's Extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5 No

5 No Bridegroom, for his Nuptials dreſs'd,
has ſuch a chearful Face;
No Giant does like him rejoice
to run his glorious Race.
6 From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes;
And, thro' his Progreſs, chearful Light,
and vital Warmth, beſtows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires;
With ſacred Wiſdom His ſure Word
the Ignorant inſpires.
8 The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in Search of Truth,
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.
9 His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd:
10 Of more Eſteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb diſtil.
11 My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
who by thy Precepts live.
12 But what frail Man obſerves how oft
he does from Virtue fall!
O, cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
Thou God, that know'ſt them all.
13 Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.
14 So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be
with thy Acceptance bleſt;

And I ſecure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, reſt.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs;
The Name of Jacob's God defend,
and grant thy Arms Succeſs.
2 To aid thee from on High repair,
and Strength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy Off'rings there,
thy Sacrifice receive.
4 To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire,
thy Counſels ſtill direct;
May kindly all Events conſpire
to bring them to Effect.
5 To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd;
"The Lord accept thy Pray'r."
6 Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend;
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.
7 Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all we'll call to mind
the Power of God moſt High.
8 But, from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them thro' the Plain,
Diſorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain.
9 Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice;

With

With thy Salvation crown'd, ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
2 For Thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only didſt impart;
But haſt, with thy Acceptance, bleſt
the Wiſhes of his Heart.
3 Thy Goodneſs, and thy tender Care,
have all his Hopes outgone;
A Crown of Gold Thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'dſt it firmly on.
4 He pray'd for Life; and Thou, O Lord,
didſt his ſhort Span extend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.
5 Thy ſure Defence thro' Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.
6 Eternal Bleſſings Thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe;
Whilſt Thou to him, unclouded, ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7 Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
8 But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.
9 When Thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.
10 Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11 For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
But Thou with watchful Care didſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent.
12 In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
and gall them in their Flight.
13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous Strength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt Thou me,
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O, why ſo far from me remov'd,
And from my loud Complaint?
2 All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to Thee do I complain;
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.
3 Yet thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore Iſrael's Praiſes are
of Right to Thee addreſs'd.
4, 5 On Thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.
6 But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.
7 With Laughter all the gazing Croud
my Agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus, deriding, ſay:
8 "In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
"that he was Heav'n's Delight;

"Let

"Let God come down to ſave him now,
"and own his Favourite."

PART II.

9 Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Offſpring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care.
10 Thou, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from Wrongs
my helpleſs infant Days;
And ſince haſt been my God, and Guide
thro' Life's bewilder'd Ways.
11 Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
Oh, ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.
12 High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from Baſan's Foreſt met,
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beſet.
13 They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth
a yawning Grave appears;
The deſert Lion's ſavage Roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My Blood like Water's ſpill'd, my Joints
are rack'd, and out of Frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.
15 My Strength, like Potter's Earth, is parch'd;
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death
my fainting Soul withdraws.
16 Like Blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they
in pack'd Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17 My Body's rack'd, till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:

Yet

Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.
18 As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Veſture caſt:
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength;
and to my Succour haſte.
20 From their ſharp Sword protect Thou me,
of all but Life bereft!
Nor let thy Darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.
21 To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
Thou didſt my Life defend.
22 Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name;
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim:
23 "Ye Worſhipers of Jacob's God,
"all you of Iſrael's Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
"ſincere Obedience join.
24 "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty His Face,
"but hears its humble Cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus, in thy ſacred Courts, will I
my chearful Thanks expreſs,
In Preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26 The meek Companions of my Grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
with Joys immortal fed.
27 Then ſhall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth
one Sov'reign Lord obey.

28 'Tis

28 'Tis His ſupreme Prerogative
o'er ſubject Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that He ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.
29 The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
His Bounty muſt confeſs:
The Sons of Want, by Him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.
30, 31 Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race,
devoted to His Name,
To their admiring Heirs His Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant Care
my Wants are all ſupply'd.
2 In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreſhing Water flows.
3 He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
and, to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous Ways.
4 I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death,
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.
5 In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes
he does my Table ſpread:
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.
6 Since God doth thus his wondrous Love
through all my Life extend.

That

That Life to Him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's;
the Lord's her Fulneſs is:
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign Right are His.
2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;
and His Almighty Hand
Upon inconſtant Floods has made
the ſtable Fabric ſtand.
3 But for Himſelf this Lord of All
one choſen Seat deſign'd.
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill
deſerv'd Admittance find?
4 The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure,
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honeſt Poverty prefers
to gainful Perjury.
5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhow'r His Bleſſings down;
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſneſs to crown.
6 Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the ſacred Courts are trod;
And ſuch the Proſelytes, that ſeek
the Face of Jacob's God.
7 Erect your Heads, eternal Gates;
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: See! He comes
with His celeſtial Train.
8 Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord, for Strength renown'd;
In Battle mighty; o'er His Foes,
eternal Victor crown'd.
9 Erect your Heads, ye Gates; unfold
in State, to entertain
The King of Glory: See! He comes
with all his ſhining Train.

10 Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of Hoſts, renown'd;
Of Glory He alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O! let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.
3 Thoſe who on Thee rely,
let no Diſgrace attend:
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.
4, 5 To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way:
For Thou art He that brings me Help;
on Thee I wait all Day.
6 Thy Mercies, and thy Love,
O Lord, recal to Mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as Thou wert ever, kind.
7 Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by Thee;
And, for thy wondrous Goodneſs' ſake,
in Mercy think on me.
8 His Mercy, and his Truth,
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his Ways.
9 He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the Humble and the Meek.
10 Thro' all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11 Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame;
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12 Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
in all his righteous Ways.
13 His quiet Soul with Peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt;
And by his num'rous Race the Land
ſucceſſively poſſeſs'd.
14 For God to all his Saints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.
15 To Him I lift my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare
which for my Feet was laid.
16 O! turn, and all my Griefs,
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.
17 The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe;
O! from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe!
18 Do Thou, with tender Eyes,
my ſad Affliction ſee;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely ſet me free.
19 Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow!
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow!
20 Protect, and ſet my Soul
from their fierce Malice free;

Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in Thee.
21 Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe;
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
an Thee alone relies.
22 To Iſrael's choſen Race
continue ever kind;
And, in the midſt of all their Wants,
let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord; for I the Paths
of Righteouſneſs have trod:
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt
repoſe on Thee, my God.
2, 3 Search, prove my Heart, whoſe Innocence
will ſhine the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in View,
and made thy Truth my Guide.
4 I never for Companions took
the Idle or Profane;
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
could e'er my Friendſhip gain.
5 I hate the buſy, plotting Crew,
who make diſtracted Times;
And ſhun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.
6 I'll waſh my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart ſo pure,
That, when the Altar I approach,
my Welcome ſhall ſecure.
7, 8 My Thanks I'll publiſh there, and tell
how thy Renown excels:
That Seat affords me moſt Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.
9 Paſs not on me the Sinners Doom,
who Murder make their Trade;
10 Who others Rights, by ſecret Bribes,
or open Force, invade.

11 But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence purſue;
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.
12 In ſpite of all aſſaulting Foes,
I ſtill maintain my Ground;
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints,
thy Praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
is ſaving Health and Light?
Since ſtrongly He my Life ſupports,
what can my Soul affright?
2 With fierce Intent my Fleſh to tear,
when Foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty Creſts
were made to ſtrike the Ground.
3 Thro' Him, my Heart, undaunted, dares
with num'rous Hoſts to cope;
Thro' Him, in doubtful Streights of War,
for good Succeſs I hope.
4 Henceforth within his Houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire;
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
and His bleſt Will inquire.
5 For there may I with Comfort reſt,
in Times of deep Diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a Rock abide
in that ſecure Receſs:
6 Whilſt God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head ſhall raiſe;
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
and ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice;
whene'er to Thee I cry;
In Mercy all my Pray'rs receive,
nor my Requeſt deny.

8 When

8 When Thou to ſeek thy glorious Face
doſt graciouſly adviſe;
"Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek,"
my grateful Heart replies.
9 Then hide not Thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in Wrath reject:
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10 Tho' all my Friends, and neareſt Kin,
their helpleſs Charge forſake;
Yet Thou, whoſe Love excels them all,
wilt Care and Pity take.
11 Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord;
my Ways directly guide;
Leſt envious Men, who watch my Steps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12 Lord, diſappoint my cruel Foes,
defeat their ill Deſire,
Whoſe lying Lips, and bloody Hands,
againſt my Peace conſpire.
13 I truſted that my future Life
ſhould with thy Love be crown'd;
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk,
with Sorrow compaſs'd round.
14 God's Time with patient Faith expect,
and He'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength: Do thou thy Part,
and leave to Him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O LORD, my Rock, to Thee I cry,
in Sighs conſume my Breath:
O! anſwer; or I ſhall become
like thoſe that ſleep in Death.
2 Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes, and lifted Hands,
before thy Mercy-ſeat.
3 Let me eſcape the Sinners Doom,
who make a Trade of Ill;

And ever ſpeak the Perſon fair,
whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.
4 According to their Crimes Extent,
let Juſtice have its Courſe;
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſin'd without Remorſe.
5 Since they the Works of God deſpiſe,
nor will his Grace adore;
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
and build them up no more.
6 But I, with due Acknowlegement,
his Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cries of my Diſtreſs
a gracious Anſwer found.
7 My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my Strength and Shield;
In Him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field:
As He has made my Joys complete,
'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus reſound his Praiſe:
8 "His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops
"that my juſt Cauſe maintain;
"'Twas He advanc'd me to the Throne,
"'tis He ſecures my Reign."
9 Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bleſs:
With Plenty proſper them, in Peace;
in Battle, with Succeſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1 YE Princes, that in Might excel,
your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
his wondrous Pow'r to All declare.
2 To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe,
devoutly due Reſpect afford;

Him

Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
where He's with ſolemn State ador'd.
3 'Tis He, that with amazing Noiſe
the watry Clouds in ſunder breaks;
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
when He from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5 How full of Pow'r his Voice appears!
with what majeſtic Terror crown'd!
Which from their Roots tall Cedars tears,
and ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round.
6 They, and the Hills on which they grow,
are ſometimes hurry'd far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
or Unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8 When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
and ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſert quakes,
and ſtubborn Kadeſh lowly bends.
9 He makes the Hinds to caſt their Young,
and lays the Beaſts dark Coverts bare;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong,
ſecurely ſing his Praiſes there.
10, 11 God rules the angry Floods on High:
His boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe:
His People He'll with Strength ſupply,
and bleſs his own with conſtant Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who didſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3 In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to Thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs Life retrieve,
4 Thus, to his Courts, ye Saints of his,
with Songs of Praiſe repair;
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.

5 His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign,
his Favour no Decay;
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
with Joy's returning Day.
6 But I, in proſp'rous Days, preſum'd;
no ſudden Change I fear'd;
Whilſt in my Sunſhine of Succeſs
no louring Cloud appear'd.
7 But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Truſt:
For when thou hidd'ſt thy Face, I ſaw
my Honour laid in Duſt.
8 Then, as I vainly had preſum'd,
my Error I confeſs'd;
And thus, with ſupplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne addreſs'd:
9 "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can ſilent Aſhes ſpeak thy Praiſe,
"thy wondrous Truth recite?
10 "Hear me, O Lord; in Mercy hear;
"thy wonted Aid extend;
"Do Thou ſend Help, on whom alone
"I can for Help depend."
11 'Tis done! Thou haſt my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State,
who late in Sackcloth mourn'd.
12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe;
And, as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame;
for ſtill I truſt in Thee:
As Juſt and Righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.
2 Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend;

Do

Do Thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.
3 Since Thou, when Foes oppreſs,
my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Help impart.
4 Releaſe me from the Snare
which they have cloſely laid;
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
to Thee alone for Aid.
5 To Thee, the God of Truth,
my Life, and all that's mine
(For Thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth),
I willingly reſign.
6 All vain Deſigns I hate,
of thoſe that truſt in Lyes;
And ſtill my Soul, in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7 Thoſe Mercies Thou haſt ſhown,
I'll chearfully expreſs;
For Thou haſt ſeen my Streights, and known
my Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
8 When Keilah's treach'rous Race
did all my Strength incloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger Space,
to ſhun my watchful Foes.
9 Thy Mercy, Lord, diſplay,
and hear my juſt Complaint;
For both my Soul and Fleſh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
10 Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs;
my Years are ſpent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decreaſe,
and ev'n conſum'd my Bones.
11 My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd;
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends, at Sight of me, were ſhock'd,
and fled, as Men diſmay'd.

12 For-

12 Forſook by all am I,
as dead, and out of Mind;
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,
whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.
13 Yet ſlandrous Words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my Pow'r to dread;
Whilſt they together Counſel take,
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
14 But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt
I on thy Help repoſe:
That Thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
16 The Brightneſs of thy Face
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.
17 Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on Thee;
Let That, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.
18 Do Thou their Tongues reſtrain,
whoſe Breath in Lyes is ſpent;
Who falſe Reports with proud Diſdain
againſt the Righteous vent.
19 How great thy Mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name;
Which Thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
doſt to the World proclaim!
20 Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight,
from proud Oppreſſors free:
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
they are preſerv'd by Thee.
21 With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſt;

Whoſe

Whoſe Love in Keilah's well-fenc'd Town
was wondrouſly expreſs'd!
22 I ſaid, in haſty Flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes:"
Yet ſtill Thou keptſt me in thy Sight,
and heardſt my earneſt Cries.
23 O! all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager Love purſue;
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their Due.
24 Ye that on God rely,
courageouſly proceed;
For He will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with Strength, in Time of Need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd,
no more in Judgment to appear;
2 Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
and whoſe Repentence is ſincere.
3 While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
my Bones conſum'd without Relief;
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar,
but no Complaints aſſwag'd my Grief.
4 Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
by Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd;
Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd,
like Land with Summer's Drought oppreſs'd.
5 No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,
the Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
and Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.
6 True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
who ſeek Thee whilſt Thou mayſt be found;
And, from the common Deluge freed,
ſhall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.
7 Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
my Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own:

Thou

Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs,
and me with Songs of Triumph crown.
8 In my Inſtruction then confide,
you that would Truth's ſafe Path deſcry;
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
and keep you in my watchful Eye.
9 Submit yourſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
like Men that Reaſon have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.
10 Sorrows, on Sorrows multiply'd,
the harden'd Sinner ſhall confound.
But them who in his Truth confide,
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.
11 His Saints, that have perform'd his Laws,
their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ:
Let them (as they alone have Cauſe)
in grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raiſe;
For well the Righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.
2, 3 Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes,
in joyful Concert meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony complete.
4, 5 For faithful is the Word of God;
his Works with Truth abound;
He Juſtice loves; and all the Earth
is with his Goodneſs crown'd.
6 By his Almighty Word, at firſt,
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light,
at his Command, appear'd.
7 The ſwelling Floods, together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Storehouſe ſafe,
the watry Treaſures by.

8, 9 Let

8, 9 Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
before Him trembling ſtand:
For, when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made;
'twas fix'd at his Command.
10 He, when the Heathen cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines;
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
the People's raſh Deſigns.
11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled Purpoſe of his Heart
to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom He, from all the World beſides,
has choſen for his own.
13, 14, 15 He all the Nations of the Earth
from Heav'n, his Throne, ſurvey'd;
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts;
by Him their Hearts were made.
16, 17 No King is ſafe by num'rous Hoſts;
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe, by Force or Speed,
his warlike Rider ſaves.
18, 19 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in Him,
beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Soul from Death; their Want,
in Time of Dearth, ſupplies.
20, 21 Our Soul on God with Patience waits;
our Help and Shield is He!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
becauſe we truſt in Thee.
22 The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do Thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh,
on Thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble, and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ.
2 Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to Reſt.
3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt his Name!
4 When in Diſtreſs to Him I call'd,
He to my Reſcue came.
5 Their drooping Hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
who look'd to Him for Aid;
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face
a chearful Air diſplay'd.
6 "Behold (ſay they), behold the Man
"whom Providence reliev'd;
"So dang'rouſly with Woes beſet,
"ſo wondrouſly retriev'd!"
7 The Hoſts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Juſt;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
who on his Succour truſt.
8 O! make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſt they are, and only they,
who in his Truth confide.
9 Fear him, ye Saints; and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear:
Make you his Service your Delight;
He'll make your Wants his Care.
10 While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in Him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction hear;
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
of his religious Fear.
12 Let him who Length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous Days would ſee,
13 From ſland'ring Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from Falſhood free:
14 The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways purſue:
Eſtabliſh Peace, where 'tis begun;
and, where 'tis loſt, renew.
15 The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
with favourable Eyes;
And, when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:
16 But turns his wrathful Look on thoſe
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.
17 Deliv'rance to his Saints He gives,
when his Relief they crave:
18 He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit ſave.
19 The Wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire;
20 For, under their Afflictions Weight,
He keeps their Bones intire.
21 The Wicked, from their wicked Arts,
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.
22 For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on his Truth depend:
To them and their Poſterity
his Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

PSALM

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGAINST all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right;
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage,
do Thou my Battles fight.
2 Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm;
Stand up, my God, in my Defence;
and keep me ſafe from my Harm.
3 Bring forth thy Spear; and ſtop their Courſe,
that haſte my Blood to ſpill;
Say to my Soul, "I am thy Health,
"and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4 Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe,
be to Confuſion brought.
5 Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind;
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6 And, when thro' dark and ſlipp'ry Ways
they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath
ſhall goad them, as they run.
7 Since, unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit
did without Cauſe prepare;
8 Surpris'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own Arts betray'd,
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net,
which they for me had laid;
9 Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name
for this Deliv'rance bleſs;
And, by His ſaving Health ſecur'd,
its grateful Joy expreſs.
10 My very Bones ſhall ſay, "O Lord,
"who can compare with Thee?

" Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man
" from ſtrong Oppreſſors free?"

PART II.

11 Falſe Witneſſes, with forg'd Complaints,
againſt my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge ſuch Things they laid,
as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12 The Good which I to them had done,
with Evil they repaid;
And did, by Malice undeſerv'd,
my harmleſs Life invade.
13 But as for me, when they were ſick,
I ſtill with Sackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and faſted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breaſt return'd.
14 Had they my Friends or Brethren beed,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief
a Mother's Loſs deplore.
15 How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
in Times of my Diſtreſs!
When they, in Crouds together met,
did ſavage Joy expreſs.
The Rabble too, in num'rous Throngs,
by their Example, came;
And ceas'd not with reviling Words
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.
16 Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lyes,
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſland'rous Jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.
17 But, Lord, how long wilt Thou look on?
on my Behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beaſts, would tear.

PART III.

18 So I, before the liſt'ning World,
ſhall grateful Thanks expreſs;

And where their great Aſſembly meets,
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19 Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy, or ſecret Signs,
to mock my ſad Eſtate.
20 For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
to forge malicious Lyes.
21 Nor, with theſe private Arts content,
aloud they vent their Spite;
And ſay, "At laſt we found him out;
"he did it in our Sight."
22 But Thou, who doſt both them and me
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
23 Stir up Thyſelf; in my Behalf,
to Judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.
24 Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd.
25 O! let them not, among themſelves,
in boaſting Language, ſay,
"At length our Wiſhes are complete;
"at laſt he's made our Prey."
26 Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd,
for Shame their Faces hide;
And foul-Diſhonour wait on thoſe
that proudly me defy'd:
27 Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.

28 So ſhall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy;
And chearful Hymns, in Praiſe of Thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
his wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe:
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
he ne'er ſets God before his Eyes.
2 He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from Sight;
ſecure he thinks his treach'rous Game;
Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
their falſe Contriver brand with Shame.
3 In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
whilſt with his Tongue he ſpeaks me fair:
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
and Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4 His wakeful Malice ſpends the Night
in forging his accurs'd Deſigns;
His obſtinate, ungen'rous Spite
no execrable Means declines.
5 But, Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
the higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
beyond the ſpreading Sky extends.
6 Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;
unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains;
the whole Creation is thy Care.
7 Since of thy Goodneſs All partake,
with what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
and Saints to thy Protection truſt!
8 Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
to banquet on thy Love's Repaſt;
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.
9 With Thee the Springs of Life remain,
thy Preſence is eternal Day;

10 O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
to upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.
11 Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would ſpurn,
and wicked Hand my Life ſurpriſe;
12 Their Miſchiefs on themſelves return;
down, down they're fall'n, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State
thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe:
2 For they, cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.
3 Depend on God, and Him obey;
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
ſecure from Danger, and from Want:
4 Make His Commands thy chief Delight;
And He, thy Duty to requite,
ſhall all thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.
5 In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And He will needful Help afford,
to perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign;
6 He'll make, like Light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
and as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.
7 With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for Him attend;
nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
which they maliciouſly deviſe.
8 From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake;
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime:
9 For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy;
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
who truſt on Him, and wait his Time.

10 How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
nor by the ſtricteſt Search be found;
11 Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
with Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12 While ſinful Crouds, with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous Few combine,
and gnaſh their Teeth, and threat'ning ſtand;
13 God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride:
He ſees their Ruin near at hand.
14 They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
and Men of upright Lives to ſlay:
15 But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Way.
16 A Little, with God's Favour bleſt,
And by one righteous Man poſſeſs'd,
the Wealth of many Bad excels:
17 For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe;
But, as for thoſe that break his Laws,
their unſucceſsful Pow'r He quells.
18 His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides;
their Portion ſhall for ever laſt:
19 They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
the happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.
20 Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare God's Will oppoſe;
Deſtruction is their hapleſs Share:
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes, and they,
Shall in an Inſtant melt away,
and vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21 While Sinners, brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
the Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give;
22 For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs;
and thoſe He curſes, ſhall not live.
23 The good Man's Way is God's Delight;
He orders all the Steps aright
of him that moves by his Command:
24 Though he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd;
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd;
for God upholds him with his Hand.
25 From my firſt Youth, till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race;
26 Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Offspring's Wealth increaſe.
27 With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
and ſo prolong your happy Days:
28 For God, who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
while ſoon the wicked Race decays.
29, 30, 31 The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land:
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
his Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd;
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves:
His Heart the Law of God approves;
therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain, the Righteous to ſurpriſe;
in vain his Ruin does decree:
33 God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave;
and, when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

34 Wait ſtill on God, keep his Command;
And thou, exalted in the Land,
thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhalt quit:
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy
thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.
35 The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And, like a Bay-tree, freſh and green,
that ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round:
36 But he was gone as ſwift as Thought;
And tho' in ev'ry Place I ſought,
no Sign or Track of him I found.
37 Obſerve the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are;
their rougheſt Days in Peace ſhall end:
38 While, on the latter End of thoſe
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
a common Ruin ſhall attend.
39 God to the Juſt will Aid afford:
Their only Safeguard is the Lord;
their Strength, in Time of Need, is He:
40 Becauſe on Him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
and from the Wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 THY chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
tho' I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.
2 In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.
3 My Fleſh is one continu'd Wound,
thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt,
my Bones have no Repoſe.

4 My Sins, which to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'erflow;
And, for my feeble Strength to bear,
too vaſt a Burden grow.
5 Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt Return;
6 With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.
7 A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part;
8 With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſires appear;
And, ſure, my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10 My Heart's oppreſs'd, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light:
11 Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen, gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.
12 Mean while, the Foes that ſeek my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge ſome new Deceit.
13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whoſe Tongue
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd.
15 For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Aſſur'd that Thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.
16 "Hear me," ſaid I, "leſt my proud Foes
"a ſpiteful Joy diſplay;
"Inſulting, if they ſee my Foot
"but once to go aſtray."
17 And, with continual Grief oppreſs'd,
to ſink I now begin;

18 To Thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
to Thee bewail my Sin.
19 But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boaſt;
And they that hate me without Cauſe,
are grown a dreadful Hoſt.
20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindneſs with Deſpite,
And are my Enemies, becauſe
I chuſe the Path that's right.
21 Forſake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart;
22 Make haſte to my Relief, O Thou
who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in Awe;
I curb'd my haſty Words, when I
the proſp'rous Wicked ſaw.
2 Like one that's dumb, I ſilent ſtood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Diſcourſe; but that Reſtraint
increas'd my inward Pain.
3 My Heart did glow, which working Thoughts
did hot and reſtleſs make,
Till ſtrong Reflection fann'd the Fire,
and thus at length I ſpake:
4 Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how ſoon my Life will end;
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe,
which this frail State attend.
5 My Life, Thou know'ſt, is but a Span,
a Cypher ſums my Years;
And ev'ry Man, in beſt Eſtate,
but Vanity appears.
6 Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitleſs Care oppreſs'd;
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

7 Why

7 Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys,
with anxious Care, attend?
On Thee alone my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9 Forgive my Sins; nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by Thee.
10 The dreadful Burden of thy Wrath
in Mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy Load ſhould prove.
11 For when Thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
Thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade
(So vain a Thing is he!), like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.
12 Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were.
13 O! ſpare me yet a little Time;
my waſted Strength reſtore,
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
till He vouchſaf'd a kind Reply;
Who did His gracious Ear afford,
and heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2 He took me from the diſmal Pit,
when founder'd deep in miry Clay;
On ſolid Ground He plac'd my Feet,
and ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.
3 The Wonders He for me has wrought,
ſhall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe;
And others, to his Worſhip brought,
to Hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4 For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward,
who on th' Almighty Lord relies;

Who

Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
and hates the Hypocrite's Diſguiſe.
5 Who can the wondrous Works recount,
which Thou, O God, for us haſt wrought?
The Treaſures of thy Love ſurmount
the Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.
6 I've learnt, that Thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
for Man's Tranſgreſſions to atone.
7 I therefore come——come to fulfil
the Oracles thy Books impart:
8 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9 In full Aſſemblies I have told
thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large;
Nor did, Thou know'ſt, my Lips with-hold
from utt'ring what Thou gav'ſt in Charge:
10 Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd
thy Faithfulneſs, and ſaving Grace;
But preach'd thy Love, for All deſign'd,
that All might That, and Truth, embrace.
11 Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
to others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving Kindneſs my Reward,
thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.
12 For I with Troubles am diſtreſs'd,
too vaſt and numberleſs to bear;
Nor leſs with Loads of Guilt oppreſs'd,
that plunge and ſink me to Deſpair.
As ſoon, alas! may I recount
the Hairs on this afflicted Head;
My vanquiſh'd Courage they ſurmount,
and fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my Relief draw near;
for never was more preſſing Need:

In

In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
14 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.
15 Their Doom let Deſolation be,
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
and Sport of my Affliction made:
16 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace,
with me reſound, The Lord be prais'd.
17 Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
of me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
to my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe tender Care
relieves the Poor diſtreſs'd!
When he's by Troubles compaſs'd round,
the Lord ſhall give him Reſt.
2 The Lord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
in Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe
that ſeek to do him Wrong.
3 If he in languiſhing Eſtate,
oppreſs'd with Sickneſs, lie;
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,
and inward Strength ſupply.
4 Secure of this, to Thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r addreſs'd:
"Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
"tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd."
5 My cruel Foes, with ſland'rous Words,
attempt to wound my Fame:
"When ſhall he die (ſay they), and Men
"forget his very Name?"

6 Sup-

6 Suppoſe they formal Viſits make,
'tis all but empty Show;
They gather Miſchief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.
7, 8 With private Whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe:
"A ſore Diſeaſe afflicts him now;
he's fall'n, no more to riſe."
9 My own familiar Boſom-friend,
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily Gueſt he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.
10 But Thou my ſad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard;
And raiſe me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their juſt Reward.
11 By this I know, thy gracious Ear
is open when I call;
Becauſe Thou ſuffer'ſt not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.
12 Thy tender Care ſecures my Life
from Danger and Diſgrace;
And Thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious Face.
13 Let therefore Iſrael's Lord and God
from Age to Age be bleſt;
And all the People's glad Applauſe
with loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the Heart for cooling Streams,
when heated in the Chace;
So longs my Soul, O God, for Thee,
and thy refreſhing Grace.
2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty Soul doth pine;
O! when ſhall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majeſty Divine?
3 Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus
inſulting Foes upbraid:

"De-

"Deluded Wretch, where's now thy God?
"and where's his promis'd Aid?"
4 I ſigh, whene'er my muſing Thoughts
those happy Days preſent,
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent;
When I advanc'd, with Songs of Praiſe,
my ſolemn Vows to pay;
And led the joyful ſacred Throng,
that kept the Feſtal Day.
5 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
truſt God; and He'll employ
His Aid for thee, and change theſe Sighs
to thankful Hymns of Joy.
6 My Soul's caſt down, O God, but thinks
on Thee, and Sion, ſtill:
From Jordan's Bank, from Hermon's Heights,
and Miſſar's humbler Hill.
7 One Trouble calls another on;
and, burſting o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Soul
a roaring Sea is ſpread.
8 But when thy Preſence, Lord of Life,
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To Thee I'll midnight Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.
9 God of my Strength, how long ſhall I,
like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my Oppreſſors Scorn?
10 My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid:
"Vain Boaſter, where is now thy God?
"and where His promis'd Aid?"
11 Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul?
Hope ſtill; and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of Him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Foes
do Thou aſſert my injur'd Right:
O! ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
that in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2 Since Thou art ſtill my only Stay,
why leav'ſt Thou me in deep Diſtreſs?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs?
3 Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt;
be theſe my Guides, and lead the Way,
Till on thy holy Hill I reſt,
and in thy ſacred Temple pray.
4 Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
to God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps, with Songs of Praiſe,
ſhall all my grateful Hours employ.
5 Why then caſt down, my Soul? and why
ſo much oppreſs'd with anxious Care?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely;
who will thy ruin'd State repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O LORD, our Fathers oft have told,
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs:
2 How Thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen from this Land,
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.
3 For not their Courage, nor their Sword,
to them Poſſeſſion gave;
Nor Strength, that, from unequal Force,
their fainting Troops could ſave;
But thy Right-hand, and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd;
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who Thy great Name ador'd,

4 As Thee their God our Fathers own'd,
Thou art our Sov'reign King;
O! therefore, as Thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring!
5 Thro' thy victorious Name, our Arms
the proudeſt Foes ſhall quell;
And cruſh them with repeated Strokes,
as oft as they rebel.
6 I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7 But Thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8 To Thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came;
In God we will rejoice all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9 But Thou haſt caſt us off; and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For Thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the Field.
10 Since when, to ev'ry upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt,
who bear us antient Spite.
11 To Slaughter doom'd, we fall, like Sheep,
into their butch'ring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive,
diſpers'd thro' Heathen Lands.
12 Thy People Thou haſt ſold for Slaves;
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure, by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace, may grow;
13, 14 Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
the Heathens Bye-word grown;
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech,
and mocking Geſtures, ſhown.
15 Confuſion ſtrikes me blind; my Face
in conſcious Shame I hide;

16 While

16 While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſphem'd,
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17 On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n,
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to Thee abjur'd:
18 But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care;
19 Tho' Thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.
20 Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other Gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime deſcry?
22 Thou ſeeſt what Suff'rings for thy ſake
we ev'ry Day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep
appointed to be ſlain.
23 Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming Sleep
no longer Thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to Thee,
for ever ſue in vain.
24 O! wherefore hideſt Thou thy Face
from our afflicted State,
25 Whoſe Souls and Bodies ſink to Earth
with Grief's oppreſſive Weight?
26 Ariſe, O Lord, and timely Haſte
to our Deliv'rance make:
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
yet for thy Mercy's ſake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHILE I the King's loud Praiſe rehearſe,
indited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2 How matchleſs is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows:

Becauſe freſh Bleſſings God on thee
eternally beſtows.
3 Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince,
and, clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
majeſtic Pomp diſplay.
4 Ride on in State, and ſtill protect
the Meek, the Juſt, and True;
While thy Right-hand with ſwift Revenge
does all thy Foes purſue.
5 How ſharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r oppoſe!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart
the feather'd Arrow goes.
6 But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Sceptre's Sway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous Laws ſecure.
7 Becauſe thy Heart, by Juſtice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove:
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oil of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has, above thy Fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty Head.
8 With Caſſia, Aloes, and Myrrh,
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which, from the ſtately Wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful Odours round.
9 Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait;
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
in golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10 But thou, O Royal Bride, give Ear,
and to my Words attend:
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.

11 So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay;
For He is now become thy Lord,
to him due Rev'rance pay.
12 The Tyrian Matrons, rich and proud,
ſhall humble Preſents make;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue,
thy Favour to partake.
13 The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul
all inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold,
adorn'd with coſtly Skill.
14 She, in her nuptial Garment dreſs'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
ſhall to the King be brought.
15 With all the State of ſolemn Joy
the Triumph moves along;
Till, with wide Gates, the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.
16 Thou, in thy Royal Father's room,
muſt princely Sons expect;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms mayſt ſend,
to govern and protect:
17 Whilſt this my Song to future Times
tranſmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World, with one Conſent,
thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs;
A preſent Help, when Dangers preſs:
in Him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2, 3 Tho' Earth were from her Centre toſs'd,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.
4 A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
the Royal Seat of God moſt High:

5 God dwells in Sion, whoſe fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of earthly Pow'rs,
while his Almighty Aid is nigh.
6 In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd and diſpers'd their Pow'rs:
7 The Lord of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
our Fathers Guardian God, and ours.
8 Come, ſee the Wonders He hath wrought,
On Earth what Deſolation brought,
9 how He has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow;
With them, their thund'ring Chariots too
into devouring Flames were hurl'd.
10 Submit to God's Almighty Sway;
For Him the Heathen ſhall obey,
and Earth her Sov'reign Lord confeſs:
11 The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
as to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2 O All ye People, clap your Hands,
and with triumphant Voices ſing:
No Force the mighty Pow'r withſtands
of God, the Univerſal King.
3, 4 He ſhall oppoſing Nations quell,
and with Succeſs our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we muſt dwell,
the Pride of Jacob, his Delight.
5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
with Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound.
To Him repeated Praiſes ſing,
and let the chearful Song go round.
7, 8 Your utmoſt Skill in Praiſe be ſhown,
for Him who all the World commands;
Who ſits upon his righteous Throne,
and ſpreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

9 Our

9 Our Chiefs, and Tribes, that far from hence
t' adore the God of Abra'm came,
Found Him their conſtant ſure Defence.
How great and glorious is His Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd
In Sion, on whoſe happy Mount
his ſacred Throne is rais'd.
2 Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Proſpect riſe;
On her North-ſide th' Almighty King's
Imperial City lies.
3 God in her Palaces is known:
His Preſence is her Guard:
4 Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Succeſs deſpair'd.
5 They view'd her Walls, admir'd, and fled,
with Grief and Terror ſtruck;
6 Like Women whom the ſudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.
7 No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets from Tarſhiſh' wealthy Coaſts
by Eaſtern Winds are torn.
8 In Sion we have ſeen perform'd
a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Time to come,
his City will uphold.
9 Not in our Fortreſſes and Walls
did we, O God, confide;
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
in which thou doſt reſide.
10 According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praiſe thro' Earth extends;
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes, or defends.
11 Let Sion's Mount with Joy reſound,
her Daughters all be taught,

In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12 Compaſs her Walls in ſolemn Pomp,
your Eyes quite round her caſt;
Count all her Tow'rs, and ſee if there
you find one Stone diſplac'd.
13 Her Forts and Palaces ſurvey;
obſerve their Order well;
That, with Aſſurance, to your Heirs
this Wonder you may tell.
14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilſt we in Him confide;
Who, as He has preſerv'd us now,
till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2 LET all the liſt'ning World attend,
and my Inſtructions hear;
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Conſent, give Ear:
3 My Mouth, with ſacred Wiſdom fill'd,
ſhall good Advice impart;
The ſound Reſult of prudent Thoughts,
digeſted in my Heart.
4 To Parables of weighty Senſe
I will my Ear incline;
Whilſt to my tuneful Harp I ſing
dark Words of deep Deſign.
5 Why ſhould my Courage fail in Times
of Danger, and of Doubt;
When Sinners, that would me ſupplant,
have compaſs'd me about?
6 Thoſe Men, that all their Hope and Truſt
in Heaps of Treaſure place;
And boaſt in Triumph, when they ſee
their ill-got Wealth increaſe;
7 Are yet unable from the Grave
their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can, by Force of coſtly Bribes,
reverſe God's firm Decree,

8, 9 Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit;
the Price is held too high:
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant,
that Man ſhould never die.
10 Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and, in Death,
their Wealth to others leave.
11 For tho' they think their ſtately Seats
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall,
But their Remembrance laſt in Lands
which by their Names they call;
12 Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſo'er their State:
With Beaſts, their Memory, and they,
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13 How great their Folly is, who thus
abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs Miſtake.
14 They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;
Their Beauty, while the Juſt rejoice,
within the Grave ſhall fade.
15 But God will yet redeem my Soul;
and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to himſelf receive.
16 Then fear not thou, when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound;
Nor, tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe,
with State and Honour crown'd.
17 For, when they're ſummon'd hence by Death,
they leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find:
18 And yet they thought their State was bleſt,
caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare;

Who praiſes thoſe that ſlight all elſe,
and of themſelves take care.
19 In their Forefathers Steps they tread;
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors and they
in endleſs Darkneſs lie.
20 For Man, how great ſoe'er his State;
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,
ſo, like a Beaſt, he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2 THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty God
Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
from dawning Light, till Day declines:
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And He from Sion hath appear'd,
where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.
3, 4 Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence, as before;
but waſting Flames before Him ſend:
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While He does Heav'n and Earth engage
His juſt Tribunal to attend.
5, 6 Aſſemble all my Saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine Decree),
that in my laſting Cov'nant live;
And Off'rings bring with conſtant Care
(The Heav'ns His Juſtice ſhall declare;
for God himſelf ſhall Sentence give).
7 Attend, my People; Iſrael, hear;
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear;
thy God, thy only God, am I;
8 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,
my ſacred Altar did ſupply.
9 Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
nor He-goat from thy Fold accept;

10 The

10 The Foreſt Beaſts that range alone,
The Cattle too are all my own,
that on a thouſand Hills are kept.
11 I know the Fowls, that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
that looſely haunt the open Fields:
12 If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
ſince the World's mine, and all it yields.
13 Think'ſt Thou that I have any Need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
to eat their Fleſh, and drink their Blood?
14 The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
and Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.
15 In Time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
and thou Returns of Praiſe ſhalt make:
16 But to the Wicked thus ſaith God;
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?
17 For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
and of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18 When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
and with Adult'rers didſt partake.
19 Vile Slander is thy chief Delight;
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and Spite,
deceitful Tales does hourly ſpread:
20 Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound
the Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.
21 Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence, and with Love;
till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou:
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
and ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes,

22 Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
whilſt none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own:
23 Who praiſes me, due Honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
my ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
as Thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppreſs'd with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3 Waſh off my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.
4 Againſt Thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy Sight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd; and, tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgments right.
5 In Guilt each Part was form'd
of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.
6 Yet Thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws
my tender Soul inſpire.
7 With Hyſſop purge me, Lord,
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by Thee.
8 Make me to hear with Joy
thy kind forgiving Voice;
That ſo the Bones which Thou haſt broke,
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
9, 10 Blot out my crying Sins,
nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART

PART II.

11 Withdraw not Thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
its everlaſting Flight.
12 The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.
13 So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart;
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.
14 My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour, and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.
15 Do Thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd, and Shame:
So ſhall my Mouth thy wondrous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.
16 Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings Thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye.
17 A broken Spirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By Him a broken, contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.
18 Let Sion Favour find,
of thy Good-will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.
19 The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind
upon thy Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes His Favour ſtill.

2 Thy wicked Tongue does ſland'rous Tales
maliciouſly deviſe;
And, ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.

3, 4 Thy Thoughts are more on Ill, than Good,
on Lyes, than Truth, employ'd;
Thy Tongue delights in Words by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.

5 God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World, to ſtay.

6 The Juſt, with pious Fear, ſhall ſee
the Downfal of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride:

7 "See there the Man that haughty was,
"who proudly God defy'd,
"Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
"on wicked Arts rely'd."

8 But I am like thoſe Olive-plants
that ſhade God's Temple round;
And hope with His indulgent Grace
to be for ever crown'd.

9 So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
extol thy wondrous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait;
for this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe,
that God is but a Name:
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhows,
ſince Virtue all diſclaim.

2 The

2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high Tow'r,
the Sons of Men to view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
or Truth or Juſtice knew.
3 But all, He ſaw, were backwards gone,
degen'rate grown, and baſe;
None for Religion car'd, not one
of all the ſinful Race.
4 But are thoſe Workers of Deceit
ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
and God's juſt Pow'r diſown?
5 Their cauſeleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd: His Hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.
6 Would He His ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break our ſervile Band,
Loud Shouts of univerſal Joy
ſhould echo thro' the Land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2 LORD, ſave me, for thy glorious Name;
and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cauſe; accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.
3 Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
againſt my Soul combin'd.
4, 5 But God takes Part with all my Friends;
and He's the ſureſt Guard:
The God of Truth ſhall give my Foes
their Falſhood's juſt Reward;
6 While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and ſacrifice with Joy;
And in His Praiſe my Time to come
delightfully employ.
7 From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs
the Lord hath ſet me free:

Thro'

Thro' Him ſhall I, of all my Foes,
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

PSALM LV.

1 GIVE Ear, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away.
2 Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.
3 Hark how the Foe inſults aloud!
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous Tongues with wrathful Hate
againſt my Fame engage.
4, 5 My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſs'd;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſs'd.
6 How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!
7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence;
and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſs'd away.

PART II.

9 Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide;
For through the City my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine 'ſpy'd.
10 By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk their conſtant Round;
And, in the midſt of all her Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.
11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
will freſh Diſorders meet;

Deceit

Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in ev'ry Street.
12 For 'twas not any open Foe,
that falſe Reflections made;
For then I could with Eaſe have borne
the bitter Things he ſaid:
'Twas none who Hatred had profeſs'd,
that did againſt me riſe;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf
from his malicious Eyes.
13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my Friend,
whom tend'reſt Love did join;
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
15 Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crimes
ſuch Traitors muſt ſurpriſe,
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills
they wickedly deviſe.
16, 17 But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear;
At Morn, and Noon, and Night, I'll pray,
and He my Voice ſhall hear.

PART III.

18 God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe
that did with me contend;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
my righteous Cauſe defend.
19 For He, who was my Help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear;
And puniſh them, whoſe proſp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.
20 Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties?
21 Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound;
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oil,
and yet like Swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and He ſhall thee ſuſtain;
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the Wicked ſtrive in vain,
23 My Foes, that trade in Lyes and Blood,
ſhall all untimely die;
Whilſt I, for Health, and Length of Days,
on Thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO Thou, O God, in Mercy help;
for Man my Life purſues:
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2 Continually my ſpiteful Foes
to ruin me combine:
Thou ſeeſt, who ſitt'ſt inthron'd on High,
what mighty Numbers join.
3 But, tho' ſometimes ſurpris'd by Fear
(on Danger's firſt Alarm);
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.
4 God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely:
In God I truſt, and, truſting Him,
the Arm of Fleſh defy.
5 They wreſt my Words, and make 'em ſpeak
a Senſe they never meant:
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs Spite,
on my Deſtruction bent.
6 In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay:
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait
to make my Soul their Prey.
7 Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape?
O righteous God, ariſe;
Let thy juſt Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chaſtiſe.
8 Thou numb'reſt all my wand'ring Steps,
ſince firſt compel'd to flee:

My

My very Tears are treaſur'd up
and regiſtred by Thee.
9 When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown;
For I am well aſſur'd, that God
my righteous Cauſe will own.
10, 11 I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force that Man can raiſe:
12 To Thee, O God, my Vows are due,
to Thee I'll render Praiſe.
13 Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death;
and Thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Life Thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure:
That thus, protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy;
And in the Service of my God
my lengthen'd Days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend:
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haſte,
Till this outrageous Storm is paſt.
2 To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge, and God moſt High,
Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.
3 From Heav'n protect me by thine Arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm:
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
4 For I with ſavage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their Words
Envenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.
5 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd;
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

6 To take me, they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd;
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.
7 O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
Its thankful Tribute to preſent;
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.
8 Awake, my Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.
9 Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
10 Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11 Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd;
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be;
Or muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n, from your Decree?
2 Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
alike by Malice ſway'd:
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes,
to Violence betray'd.
3 To Virtue Strangers from the Womb,
their Infant-ſteps went wrong:
They prattled Slander, and in Lyes
employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4 No Serpent of parch'd Afric's Breed
does ranker Poiſon bear;
The drowſy Adder will as ſoon
unlock his ſullen Ear.
5 Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders they remain;

From whom the ſkilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention gain.
6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r:
Diſarm theſe growing Lions Jaws,
ere practis'd to devour.
7 Let now their Inſolence, at Height,
like ebbing Tides be ſpent;
Their ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their Bow have bent.
8 Like Snails, let them diſſolve to Slime;
like haſty Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.
9 Ere Thorns can make the Fleſh-pots boil,
tempeſtuous Wrath ſhall come
From God, and ſnatch 'em hence alive,
to their eternal Doom.
10 The Righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
their Crimes ſuch Vengeance meet;
And Saints in Perſecutors Blood
ſhall dip their harmleſs Feet.
11 Tranſgreſſors then with Grief ſhall ſee
juſt Men Rewards obtain;
And own a God, whoſe Juſtice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my ſpiteful Foes;
In my Defence oppoſe thy Pow'r
to theirs who me oppoſe.
2 Preſerve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs Men,
who ſeek my Blood to ſpill.
3 They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
againſt my Life combine;
Implacable; yet, Lord, Thou know'ſt,
for no Offence of mine.

4 In Haſte they run about, and watch
my guiltleſs Life to take;
Look down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
and to my Help awake.
5 Thou, Lord of Hoſts, and Iſrael's God,
their Heathen Rage ſuppreſs;
Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6 At Ev'ning to beſet my Houſe,
like growling Dogs they meet;
While others through the City range,
and ranſack ev'ry Street.
7 Their Throats envenom'd Slander breathe,
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Swords:
"Who hears (ſay they)? or, hearing, dares
"reprove our lawleſs Words?"
8 But from thy Throne Thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their boaſted Heathen Pride.
9 On Thee I wait; 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend;
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canſt defend.
10 Thy Mercy, Lord, which has ſo oft
from Danger ſet me free,
Shall crown my Wiſhes, and ſubdue
my haughty Foes to me.
11 Deſtroy them not, O Lord, at once;
reſtrain thy vengeful Blow;
Leſt we, ungratefully, too ſoon
forget their Overthrow.
Diſperſe them through the Nations round,
by thy avenging Pow'r:
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.
12 Now, in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chaſtiſe;

Whoſe

Whoſe Tongues have ſin'd without Reſtraint,
and Curſes join'd with Lyes.
13 Nor ſhalt Thou, whilſt their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, ſuppreſs;
That diſtant Lands, by their juſt Doom,
may Iſrael's God confeſs.
14 At Ev'ning let them ſtill perſiſt,
like growling Dogs, to meet;
Still wander all the City round,
and traverſe ev'ry Street.
15 Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let 'em ſtray;
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey.
16 Whilſt early I thy Mercy ſing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confeſs;
For Thou haſt been my ſure Defence,
my Refuge in Diſtreſs.
17 To Thee with never-ceaſing Praiſe,
O God, my Strength, I'll ſing:
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety ſpring.

PSALM LX.

1 O GOD, who haſt our Troops diſpers'd,
Forſaking thoſe who left Thee firſt;
As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
To us, in Mercy, Lord, return.
2 Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand:
O! heal the Breaches Thou haſt made;
We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid!
3 Our Folly's ſad Effects we feel;
For, drunk with Diſcord's Cup, we reel.
4 But now, for them who Thee rever'd,
Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5 Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect:
Lord, hear the Pray'rs that we direct.
6 The Holy God has ſpoke; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm Word rely.

To Thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride:
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And meaſure out her Vale by Line.
7 Manaſſeth, Gilead, both ſubſcribe
To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe;
Ephraim by Arms ſupports my Cauſe,
And Judah by religious Laws.
8 Moab my Slave and Drudge ſhall be,
Nor Edom from my Yoke get free;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.
9 But who ſhall quell theſe mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to Edom's Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that doth to Conqueſt lead?
10 Ev'n Thou, O God, who haſt diſpers'd
Our Troops (for we forſook Thee firſt),
Thoſe whom Thou didſt in Wrath forſake,
Aton'd, Thou wilt victorious make.
11 Do Thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain;
For human Succours are but vain.
12 Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows;
'Tis He treads down our proudeſt Foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
which I, oppreſs'd with Grief,
2 From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs
to Thee for kind Relief.
O! lodge me ſafe, beyond the Reach
of perſecuting Pow'r,
3 Thou, who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes
haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.
4 So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts
ſecure from Danger lie;
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.
5 In Sign my Vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy Choſen reign:

6 O! bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life
the King Thou didſt ordain.
7 Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight;
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.
8 So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

1, 2 MY Soul for Help on God relies,
from Him alone my Safety flows;
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.
3 How long will ye contrive my Fall,
which will but haſten on your own!
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
or Fence of uncemented Stone.
4 To make my envy'd Honours leſs,
they ſtrive with Lyes, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouths they bleſs,
in private curſe with inward Spite.
5, 6 But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
on Him alone thy Truſt repoſe;
My Rock and Health will Strength ſupply,
to bear the Shock of all my Foes.
7 God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
and flowing Bleſſings daily ſend:
He is my Fortreſs and Defence;
on Him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
8 In Him, ye People, always truſt,
before his Throne pour out your Hearts;
For God, the Merciful and Juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.
9 The Vulgar fickle are and frail;
the Great diſſemble and betray;

And, laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
the lighteſt Things will both outweigh.
10 Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways,
by Spoil and Rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe,
be ſet too much upon your Gain.
11 For God has oft his Will expreſs'd,
and I this Truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd,
belongs, of Right, to God alone.
12 Though Mercy is His darling Grace,
in which He chiefly takes Delight;
Yet will He all the human Race,
according to their Works, requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be;
for Thee my thirſty Soul does pant;
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
where I refreſhing Waters want.
2 O! to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
which thy majeſtic Houſe diſplays:
3 Becauſe to me thy wond'rous Love
Than Life itſelf does dearer prove,
my Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.
4 My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ;
with lifted Hands adore his Name:
5 My Soul's Content ſhall be as great
As theirs who choiceſt Dainties eat,
while I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.
6 When down I lie, ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my Mind,
and when I wake in Dead of Night:
7 Becauſe Thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
I reſt with Safety and Delight.

8 My

8 My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to Thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
in her Support is daily ſhown:
9 But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay,
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they
that ſeek my Life, ſhall loſe their own.
10 They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie;
but God ſhall fill the King with Joy:
11 Who ſwears by Thee, ſhall ſtill rejoice;
While the falſe Tongue, and lying Voice,
thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint,
to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2 O! hide me with thy tend'reſt Care,
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe;
and all their Plots defeat.
3 See how, intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords;
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lyes, and bitter Words.
4 Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.
5 To carry on their ill Deſigns
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6 With utmoſt Diligence and Care
their wicked Plots they lay;
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts
are only to betray.
7 But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd,
his dreadful Bow ſhall bend,

And on His flying Arrow's Point
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.
8 Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall;
Their Crimes, diſclos'd, ſhall make them be
deſpis'd and ſhun'd by all.
9 The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs;
and Nations trembling ſtand;
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty Work
of His avenging Hand:
10 Whilſt righteous Men, by God ſecur'd,
in Him ſhall gladly truſt;
And all the liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR Thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
in Sion waits, thy choſen Seat:
Our promis'd Altars we will raiſe,
and there our zealous Vows complete.
2 O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To Thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
and at thy gracious Throne appear.
3 Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
to ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt Thou o'erlookſt the guilty Stain,
and waſheſt out the crimſon Dye.
4 Bleſt is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
within thy ſacred Dwelling lives!
Whilſt we, at humbler Diſtance, taſte
the vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.
5 By wond'rous Acts, O God moſt Juſt,
have we thy gracious Anſwer found:
In Thee remoteſt Nations truſt,
and thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.
6, 7 God, by his Strength, ſets faſt the Hills,
and does His matchleſs Pow'r engage;
With which the Sea's loud Waves He ſtills,
and angry Crouds tumultuous Rage.

PART

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay,
when they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day
each other's Track, by Turns, purſue.

9 From out thy unexhauſted Store
thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
with Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.

10 On riſing Ridges down it pours,
and ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills;
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs,
in which a bleſt Increaſe diſtils.

11 Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year
with freſh Returns of Plenty crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs down.

12 They drop on barren Foreſts, chang'd
by them to Paſtures freſh and green;
The Hills about, in Order rang'd,
in beauteous Robes of Joy are ſeen.

13 Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
the chearful Downs; the Valleys bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
and ſeem, for Joy, to ſhout and ſing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
to God their Voices raiſe;
Sing Pſalms in Honour of his Name,
and ſpread his glorious Praiſe.

3 And let them ſay, How dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art Thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall all be forc'd to bow.

4 Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
ſhall Thee their God confeſs;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name expreſs.

5 O! come, behold the Works of God,
and then, with me, you'll own,
That He to all the Sons of Men
has wondrous Judgments ſhown.
6 He made the Sea become dry Land,
through which our Fathers walk'd;
Whilſt to each other of his Might
with Joy his People talk'd.
7 He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
his Eyes the World ſurvey:
Let no preſumptuous Man rebel
againſt his Sov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O! all ye Nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his Praiſe;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10 For Thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try the precious Ore;
11 Thou brought'ſt us into Streights, where we
oppreſſing Burdens bore.
12 Inſulting Foes did us, their Slaves,
through Fire and Water chaſe;
But yet, at laſt, Thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy Place.
13 Burnt-off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
and there my Vows I'll pay;
14 Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's diſmal Day.
15 Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall,
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.
16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;
attend with heedful Care,
Whilſt I, what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.
17, 18 As I, before, his Aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe his Name;

Who,

Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs diſclaim.
19 But God to me, whene'er I cry'd,
His gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt
with conſtant Love attend.
20 Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away!

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
on all thy Saints to ſhine:
2 That ſo thy wondrous Way
may through the World be known;
Whilſt diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.
3 Let diff'ring Nations join,
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
diſſolv'd in pious Mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the Earth.
5 Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
6 Then ſhall the teeming Ground
a large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
which God, our God, beſtows.
7 Then God upon our Land
ſhall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

PSALM

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle, riſe,
and ſcatter His preſumptuous Foes;
Let ſhameful Rout their Hoſt ſurpriſe,
who ſpitefully his Pow'r oppoſe.
2 As Smoke in Tempeſts Rage is loſt,
or Wax into the Furnace caſt;
So let their ſacrilegious Hoſt
before His wrathful Preſence waſte.
3 But let the Servants of his Will
his Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
Their upright Hearts let Gladneſs fill,
and chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4 To Him your Voice in Anthems raiſe:
JEHOVAH's awful Name He bears;
In Him rejoice; extol his Praiſe,
who rides upon high-rolling Spheres.
5 Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
to this low World, Compaſſion draws;
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
and judge the injur'd Widow's Cauſe.
6 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil
reſtores poor Exiles to their Home;
Makes Captives free; and fruitleſs Toil,
their proud Oppreſſors righteous Doom.
7 'Twas ſo of old, when Thou didſt lead
in Perſon, Lord, our Armies forth;
Strange Terrors through the Deſert ſpread;
Convulſions ſhook th' aſtoniſh'd Earth.
8 The breaking Clouds did Rain diſtil,
and Heav'n's high Arches ſhook with Fear:
How then ſhould Sinai's humble Hill
of Iſrael's God the Preſence bear?
9 Thy Hand, at famiſh'd Earth's Complaint,
reliev'd her from celeſtial Stores;
And, when thy Heritage was faint,
aſſwag'd the Drought with plenteous Show'rs.
10 Where Savages had rang'd before,
at Eaſe Thou mad'ſt our Tribes reſide;

And

And in the Deſert, for the Poor,
thy gen'rous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'ſt the Word; we ſally'd forth,
and in that pow'rful Word o'ercame;
While Virgin-troops, with Songs of Mirth,
in State our Conqueſt did proclaim.
12 Vaſt Armies, by ſuch Gen'rals led,
as yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forſook their Camp with ſudden Dread,
and to our Women left the Spoil.
13 Though Egypt's Drudges you have been,
your Army's Wings ſhall ſhine as bright
As Doves in golden Sunſhine ſeen,
or ſilver'd o'er with paler Light.
14 'Twas ſo, when God's Almighty Hand
o'er ſcatter'd Kings the Conqueſt won;
Our Troops, drawn up on Jordan's Strand,
high Salmon's glitt'ring Snow outſhone.
15 From thence to Jordan's farther Coaſt,
and Baſhan's Hill, we did advance:
No more her Height ſhall Baſhan boaſt,
but that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
16 But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
ſhould this, O Mountain, ſwell your Pride?
For Sion is his choſen Seat,
where He for ever will reſide.
17 His Chariots numberleſs; his Pow'rs
are heav'nly Hoſts, that wait his Will;
His Preſence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,
as once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
18 Aſcending high, in Triumph Thou
Captivity haſt captive led;
And on thy People didſt beſtow
the Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.
Ev'n Rebels ſhall partake thy Grace,
and humble Proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling-place,
and all the World pay Homage there.

19 For

19 For Benefits each Day beſtow'd,
be daily His great Name ador'd;
20 Who is our Saviour, and our God,
of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.
21 But Juſtice for his harden'd Foes
proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of thoſe
who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.
22 The Lord hath thus in Thunder ſpoke:
"As I ſubdu'd proud Baſhan's King,
"Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
"and from the Deep my Servants bring:
23 "Their Feet ſhall with a crimſon Flood
"of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er;
"Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
"but leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore."

PART III.

24 When, marching to thy bleſt Abode,
the wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous State of Thee, our God,
in Robes of Majeſty array'd;
25 Sweet-ſinging Levites led the Van;
loud Inſtruments brought up the Rear;
Between both Troops a Virgin-train
with Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.
26 This was the Burden of their Song:
"In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord:
"All who to Iſrael's Tribes belong,
"the God of Iſrael's Praiſe record."
27 Nor little Benjamin alone
from neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer Throne
her Counſellors in State did ſend;
But Zebulon's remoter Seat,
and Naphthali's more diſtant Coaſt,
(The grand Proceſſion to complete),
ſent up their Tribes, a princely Hoſt.

28 Thus

28 Thus God to Strength and Union brought
our Tribes, at Strife till that bleſt Hour.
This Work, which Thou, O God, haſt wrought,
confirm with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.
29 To viſit Salem, Lord, deſcend,
and Sion thy terreſtrial Throne;
Where Kings with Preſents ſhall attend,
and Thee with offer'd Crowns atone.
30 Break down the Spearmens Ranks, who threat
like pamper'd Herds of ſavage Might;
Their ſilver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
who in deſtructive War delight.
31 Egypt ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
her Hands, and Afric Homage bring:
32 The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
their common Sov'reign's Praiſes ſing;
33 Who, mounted on the loftieſt Sphere
of antient Heav'n, ſublimely rides;
From whence His dreadful Voice we hear,
like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34 Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt High:
of humble Iſrael He takes care;
Whoſe Strength, from out the dusky Sky,
darts ſhining Terrors through the Air.
35 How dreadful are the ſacred Courts,
where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
His Strength his feeble Saints ſupports.
To God give Praiſe, and Him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, from Waves that roll,
And preſs to ovewhelm my Soul.
2 With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3 With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint,
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint;
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.

4 My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of Might,
To execute their lawleſs Spite:
They force me, guiltleſs, to reſign,
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.
5 Thou, Lord, my Innocence doſt ſee,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.
6 Lord God of Hoſts, take timely Care,
Leſt, for my ſake, thy Saints deſpair:
7 Since I have ſuffer'd for thy Name
Reproach, and hide my Face in Shame;
8 A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my neareſt Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.
9 For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name
Conſumes me like devouring Flame;
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
More than at Slanders caſt on me.
10 My very Tears and Abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful Senſe.
11 When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their ſake,
They me their common Proverb make.
12 Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jeſt,
Thoſe Wrongs they ought to have redreſs'd.
How ſhould I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?
13 But, Lord, to Thee I will repair
For Help, with humble, timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store;
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.
14 From threat'ning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.
15 Controul the Deluge, ere it ſpread,
And roll its Waves above my Head:

Nor wide Deſtruction's yawning Pit
To cloſe her Jaws on me permit.
16 Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending Goodneſs' ſake;
Relieve thy Supplicant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.
17 Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face:
Make haſte; for deſp'rate is my Caſe:
18 Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.
19 Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have borne;
Nor can their cloſe-diſſembled Spite,
Or darkeſt Plots, eſcape thy Sight.
20 Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart;
I look'd for ſome to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.
21 With Hunger pin'd, for Food I call:
Inſtead of Food, they give me Gall:
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22 Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth;
23 Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes;
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurpriſe.
24 On them Thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
25 And make their Houſe a diſmall Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.
26 For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed afreſh with ſharper Scorn.
27 Sin ſhall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have loſt the Way.
28 From Life thou ſhalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Juſt their Names inrol.

29 But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore:
30 Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.
31 Our God ſhall this more highly prize,
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice:
32 Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33 For God regards the Poor's Complaint,
Set Pris'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint.
34 Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe;
And all the World reſound His Praiſe.
35 For God will Sion's Walls erect,
Fair Judah's Cities He'll protect;
Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair
To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.
36 This Bleſſing they ſhall, at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath;
And they to endleſs Ages more,
Of ſuch as His bleſt Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O LORD, to my Relief draw near;
for never was more preſſing Need:
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
and add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2 Confuſion on their Heads return,
who to deſtroy my Soul combine:
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.
3 Their Doom let Deſolation be;
with Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
and Sport of my Affliction made.
4 While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
to joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace,
with me ſhall ſing, The Lord be prais'd.
5 Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
the mighty Lord of me takes care:

Thou,

Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
to my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2 IN Thee I put my ſtedfaſt Truſt;
defend me, Lord, from Shame:
Incline thine Ear, and ſave my Soul;
for righteous is thy Name.
3 Be Thou my ſtrong Abiding-place,
to which I may reſort:
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me ſafe;
Thou art my Rock and Fort.
4, 5 From cruel and ungodly Men
protect, and ſet me free;
For, from my earlieſt Youth till now,
my Hope has been in Thee.
6 Thy conſtant Care did ſafely guard
my tender infant Days;
Thou took'ſt me from my Mother's Womb,
to ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.
7, 8 While ſome on me with Wonder gaze,
thy Hand ſupports me ſtill;
Thy Honour therefore, and thy Praiſe,
my Mouth ſhall always fill.
9 Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay:
Forſake me not, when, worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.
10 My Foes, againſt my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice ſpeak;
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.
11 "His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
"on whom he did rely:
"Purſue, and take him, whilſt no Hope
"of timely Aid is nigh."
12 But Thou, my God, withdraw not far:
for ſpeedy Help I call;

13 To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,
that ſeek to work my Fall.
14 But, as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend;
And I, in grateful Songs of Praiſe,
my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous Acts, and ſaving Health,
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſum'd with utmoſt Care.
16 While God vouchſafes me His Support,
I'll in His Strength go on;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention His alone.
17 Thou, Lord, haſt taught me, from my Youth,
to praiſe thy glorious Name;
And ever ſince thy wondrous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18 Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown;
Till I to theſe, and future Times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
19 How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wondrous are
The mighty Works which Thou haſt done!
who may with Thee compare!
20 Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve;
And from the loweſt Depth of Woe
with tender Care retrieve.
21 Through Thee, my Time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd;
And me, who diſmal Years have paſs'd,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround:
22 Therefore, with Pſaltery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praiſe;
To Thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23 Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice.
24 My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
ſhall all the Day proclaim;
Becauſe Thou didſt confound my Foes,
and brought'ſt them all to Shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy juſt Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2 So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him
their juſt Protector find.
3 Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be
the Work of Righteouſneſs:
4 Whilſt he the poor and needy Race
ſhall rule with gentle Sway,
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.
5 In ev'ry Heart thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6 He ſhall deſcend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows ſecond Birth;
Or like warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.
7 In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
ſhall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry-where
with endleſs Peace abound.
8 His uncontroul'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend;

Begin at proud Euphrates' Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.
9 To him the ſavage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads;
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt,
where he his Conqueſt ſpreads.
10 The Kings of Tarſhiſh, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy Saba's King.
11 To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay;
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12 For he ſhall ſet the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry;
Shall ſave the Helpleſs, and the Poor,
and all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

13 His Providence, for needy Souls,
ſhall due Supplies prepare;
And over their defenceleſs Lives
ſhall watch with tender Care.
14 He ſhall preſerve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free;
And in his Sight their guiltleſs Blood
of mighty Price ſhall be.
15 Therefore ſhall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend;
Whilſt Eaſtern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant Pray'rs be made,
thro' all his proſp'rous Days;
His juſt Dominion ſhall afford
a laſting Theme of Praiſe.
16 Of uſeful Grain, through all the Land,
great Plenty ſhall appear;
A Handful ſown on Mountain-tops
a mighty Crop ſhall bear;

Its Fruit, like Cedars ſhook by Winds,
a rattling Noiſe ſhall yield;
The City too ſhall thrive, and vie,
for Plenty, with the Field.
17 The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
ſhall be completely bleſt,
And his unbounded Happineſs
by ev'ry Tongue confeſs'd.
18 Then bleſt be God, the Mighty Lord,
the God whom Iſrael fears;
Who only wondrous in his Works,
beyond Compare, appears!
19 Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
for ever bleſs his Name;
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World
their glad Aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
that God will to his Saints be kind;
That all whoſe Hearts are pure and clean,
ſhall His protecting Favour find.
2, 3 Till this ſuſtaining Truth I knew,
my ſtagg'ring Feet had almoſt fail'd:
I griev'd, the Sinners Wealth to view;
and envy'd, when the Fools prevail'd.
4, 5 They to the Grave in Peace deſcend;
and, whilſt they live, are hale and ſtrong;
No Plagues or Troubles them offend,
which oft to other Men belong.
6, 7 With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,
and Rapine ſeems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes ſtand out, with Fatneſs ſwell'd;
they grow, beyond their Wiſhes, great.
8, 9 With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
oppreſſive Methods they defend;

Their

Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,
their Blaſphemies to Heav'n aſcend.
10 And yet admiring Crouds are found,
who ſervile Viſits duly make;
Becauſe with Plenty they abound,
of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.
11 Their fond Opinions theſe purſue,
till they with them profanely cry,
"How ſhould the Lord our Actions view?
"Can He perceive, who dwells ſo high?"
12 Behold the Wicked! theſe are they
who openly their Sins profeſs;
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each Day,
and all their Actions meet Succeſs.
13, 14 "Then have I cleans'd my Heart (ſaid I),
"and waſh'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain;
"If all the Day oppreſs'd I lie,
and ev'ry Morning ſuffer Pain."
15 Thus did I once to ſpeak intend:
But if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
and baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this, my Thoughts I bent;
but found the Caſe too hard for me;
Till to the Houſe of God I went:
Then I their End did plainly ſee.
18 How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
on ſlipp'ry Places looſely ſtand;
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
caſt down by Thy avenging Hand.
19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
deſpis'd by Thee, when they're deſtroy'd;
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
the Fancies that their Dreams employ'd.
21, 22 Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſs'd;
my Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
who no reflecting Thought retains.

23, 24 Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
and thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave;
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
and then to Glory me receive.
25 Whom then in Heav'n but Thee alone
have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none
that I beſides Thee can deſire.
26 My trembling Fleſh, and aching Heart,
may often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
and my eternal Portion be.
27 For they that far from Thee remove,
ſhall into ſudden Ruin fall:
If after other Gods they rove,
thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.
28 But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
that I ſhould ſtill to God repair:
In Him I always put my Truſt,
and will his wond'rous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt Thou caſt us off, O God?
wilt Thou no more return?
O! why againſt thy choſen Flock
does thy fierce Anger burn?
2 Think on thy antient Purchace, Lord,
the Land that is thy own,
By Thee redeem'd; and Sion's Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.
3 O! come, and view our ruin'd State!
how long our Troubles laſt!
See how the Foe with wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waſte!
4 Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name, where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd;
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6 Thoſe curious Carvings, which did once
advance the Artiſts Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7 Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.
8 Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy
maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd.
9 Yet of thy Preſence Thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender Signs to ſend;
We have no Prophet now that knows
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt Thou permit
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt?
11 Why hold'ſt thou back thy ſtrong Right-hand,
and on thy patient Breaſt,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly letſt it reſt?
12 Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought.
13 'Twas Thou, O God, that didſt the Sea,
by thy own Strength, divide;
Thou brak'ſt the watry Monſter's Head,
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.
14 The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway,
Was thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage Beaſts a Prey.

15 Thou

15 Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow;
Again, Thou mad'ſt, thro' parted Streams,
thy wond'ring People go.
16 Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Return of Night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feebler Light.
17 By Thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order ſtand;
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.
19 O! free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
by ſinful Crouds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of thy Poor
for evermore forget.
20 Thy antient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21 O! let not the Oppreſs'd return
with Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.
22 Ariſe, O God, in our Behalf;
thy Cauſe and ours maintain:
Remember how inſulting Fools
each Day thy Name profane!
23 Make Thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for evermore to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtis'd,
will more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO Thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to Thee with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wondrous Works declare.
2 In Iſrael, when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign.
3 The Land with Diſcord ſhakes; but I
the ſinking Frame ſuſtain.
4 Deluded Wretches I adviſ'd
their Errors to redreſs;
And warn'd bold Sinners, that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride ſuppreſs.
5 Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain;
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs Diſdain.
6 For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt, nor Weſt, nor yet
from Southern Climes arrives.
7 For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and Sov'reign Judge alone;
Who caſts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.
8 His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup;
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly Mixture which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round.
Of this his Saints ſometimes may taſte;
but wicked Men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.
9 His Prophet, I, to all the World
this Meſſage will relate;
The Juſtice then of Jacob's God
my Song ſhall celebrate.
10 The Wickeds Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty diſarm;

Exalt

Exalt the Juſt, and ſeat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known
(Almighty there, by Wonders ſhown);
his Name in Jacob does excel:
2 His Sanctuary in Salem ſtands;
The Majeſty that Heav'n commands,
in Sion condeſcends to dwell.
3 He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword, and Spear;
there ſlain the mighty Army lay:
4 Whence Sion's Fame thro' Earth is ſpread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
than Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.
5 Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful Foil:
Securely down to Sleep they lay;
But wak'd no more; their ſtouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſting Hand
'gainſt His that did their Legions ſlay.
6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both Horſe and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
together ſlept in endleſs Night.
7 When Thou, whom Heav'n and Earth revere,
Doſt once with wrathful Look appear,
what mortal Pow'r can ſtand thy Sight?
8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard its Doom,
Grew huſh'd with Fear, when Thou didſt come,
9 the Meek with Juſtice to reſtore.
10 The Wrath of Man ſhall yield Thee Praiſe;
Its laſt Attempts but ſerve to raiſe
the Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.
11 Vow to the Lord; ye Nations, bring,
Vow'd Preſents to th' Eternal King:
thus to His Name due Rev'rence pay,
12 Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible,
than, to their trembling Subjects, they.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair:
2 In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run,
no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.
3 I thought on God, and Favours paſs'd;
but that increas'd my Pain:
I found my Spirit more oppreſs'd,
the more I did complain.
4 Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
Thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.
5 I call'd to mind the Days of old,
with ſignal Mercy crown'd,
Thoſe famous Years of antient Times,
for Miracles renown'd.
6 By Night I recollect my Songs
on former Triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my Heart,
Where's now that wondrous Aid?
7 Has God for ever caſt us off?
withdrawn his Favour quite?
8 Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night?
9 Can His long-practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has He in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
His Mercy's healing Spring?
10 I ſaid, my Weakneſs hints theſe Fears;
but I'll my Fears diſband;
Will yet remember the Moſt High,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11 I'll call to mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might:

12 On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.
13 Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Councils are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?
14 Long ſince a God of Wonders Thee
thy reſcu'd People found;
15 Long ſince haſt Thou thy choſen Seed
with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.
16 When thee, O God, the Waters ſaw,
the frighted Billows ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves for Fear
beneath their Channels ſunk.
17 The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies
did with their Noiſe conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.
18 Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower World
With Lightning blaz'd, Earth ſhook and ſeem'd
from her Foundations hurl'd.
19 Thro' rolling Streams thou find'ſt thy Way,
thy Paths in Waters lie;
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
thy Footſteps can deſcry.
20 Thou led'ſt thy People like a Flock
ſafe through the deſart Land,
By *Moſes*, their meek ſkilful Guide,
and *Aaron*'s ſacred Hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my People, to my Law,
devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts deſcend.
2 My Tongue, by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold,

Dark Oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for Truths of old;
3 Which we from ſacred Regiſters
of ancient Times have known,
And our Fore-fathers pious Care
to us has handed down.
4 We will not hide them from our Sons;
our Offſpring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
has Works of Wonder wrought.
5 For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Iſr'el* made;
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd.
6 That Generations yet to come
ſhould to their unborn Heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.
7 To teach 'em that in God alone
their Hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his Works forget,
but keep his juſt Commands.
8 Leſt, like their Fathers, they might prove,
a ſtiff rebellious Race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſtedfaſt in his Grace.
9 Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred;
And ſkilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falſify'd their League with God,
his Orders diſobey'd,
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes diſplay'd.
12 Nor Wonders, which their Fathers ſaw,
did they in Mind retain;
Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile Plain.

13 He

13 He cut the Seas to let 'em paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood;
While pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,
the ſolid Water ſtood.
14 A wondrous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15 When Drought oppreſt 'em, where no Stream
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
diſſolv'd into a Tide.
16 Streams from the ſolid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That trav'lling with their Camp each Day
renew'd the Miracle.
17 Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the Moſt High;
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls ſupply.
18 They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r diſtruſt,
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Luſt.
19 Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
" Can God, ſay they, prepare
" A Table in the Wilderneſs,
" ſet out with various Fare?
20 " He ſmote the flinty Rock, ('tis true)
" and guſhing Streams enſu'd;
" But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
" for ſuch a Multitude?"
21 The Lord with Indignation heard:
from Heaven avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs *Iſr'el* came.
22 Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God would not confide,

Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23 Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Show'rs;
And when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
from his celeſtial Stores.
24 Tho' taſteful Manna was rain'd down
their Hunger to relieve;
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
ſuſtaining Corn receive.
25 Thus Man with Angels ſacred Food
ingrateful Man was fed;
Not ſparingly, for ſtill they found
a plenteous Table ſpread.
26 From Heav'n he made an Eaſt Wind blow,
then did the South command
27 To rain down Fleſh like Duſt, and Fowls
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28 Within their Trenches he let fall
the luſcious eaſy Prey,
And all around their ſpreading Camp
their feather'd Booty lay.
29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave 'em Leave
their Appetites to feaſt;
30, 31 Yet ſtill their wanton Luſt crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
But whilſt, in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God ſmote down their Chief,
and *Iſrael*'s Choſen ſlew.

PART II.

32 Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles Belief;
33 Therefore thro' fruitleſs Travels he
conſum'd their Lives in Grief.
34 When ſome were ſlain, the reſt return'd
to God with early Cry;
35 Own'd him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God moſt High.

36 But this was feign'd Submiſſion all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37 Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would
firm in his League abide.
38 Yet full of Mercy, he forgave,
nor did with Death chaſtiſe;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.
39 For he remembred they were Fleſh
that could not long remain;
A murmuring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40 How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls relieve?
41 They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd;
When *Iſr'el*'s God refus'd to be
by their Deſires confin'd.
42 Nor call'd to Mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought?
43 His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works
in *Zoan*'s Valley wrought.
44 He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore,
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt
than drink the putrid Gore.
45 He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies,
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil,
46 Locuſts and Caterpillers reap'd
the Harveſt of their Toil.
47 Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,
with Froſt the Fig-tree dies;
48 Lightning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
one general Sacrifice.
49 He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no Time for it to ceaſe;

And, with their Plagues bad Angels ſent
their Torments to increaſe.
50 He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold.
51 The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man,
from Field to City came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
thro' all the Tents of *Ham*.
52 But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Diſtreſs;
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs.
53 He led 'em on; and in their Way,
no Cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe Deeps
in which their Foes were drown'd.
54 Nor ceas'd his Care till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize
of his victorious Hand.
55 To them the out-caſt Heathens Land
he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,
made *Iſr'el*'s Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56 Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt High;
Nor would to practiſe his Commands
their ſtubborn Hearts apply:
57 But in their faithleſs Fathers Steps,
perverſely choſe to go:
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.
58 For him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealouſy.

59 When

59 When God heard this, on *Iſr'el*'s Tribes
his Wrath and Hatred fell;
60 He quitted *Shiloh*, and the Tents
where once he choſe to dwell.
61 To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to diſdain,
62 His People to the Sword he gave,
nor would his Wrath reſtrain.
63 Deſtructive War their ableſt Youth
untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
with Nuptial Garlands crown'd.
64 In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
the Prieſt a Victim bled;
And Widows who their Death ſhould mourn
themſelves of Grief were dead.
65 Then as a Giant rouz'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd
and his proud Foe alarm'd.
66 He ſmote their Hoſt, that from the Field
a ſcatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlaſting Shame.
67 With Conqueſts crown'd he *Joſeph*'s Tents,
and *Ephraim*'s Tribe forſook;
68 But *Judah* choſe, and *Sion*'s Mount
for his lov'd Dwelling took.
69 His Temple he erected there
with Spires exalted high:
While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.
70 His faithful Servant *David* too,
he for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd
to ſit on *Judah*'s Throne.
71 From tending on the teeming Ewes,
he brought him forth to feed

His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.
72 Exalted thus the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen Hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd!
Thy ſacred Houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy City raz'd!
2 The mangled Bodies of thy Saints,
abroad unburied lay;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey,
3 Quite thro' *Jerus'lem* was their Blood
like common Water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt Duties to the Dead.
4 The Neighb'ring Lands our ſmall Remains
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a laughing Stock are made
to all the Nations round.
5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn;
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire for ever burn?
6 On foreign Lands that know not Thee,
thy heavy Vengeance ſhow'r;
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.
7 For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on *Jacob*'s choſen Race;
And to a barren Deſart turn'd
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8 O think not on our former Sins,
but ſpeedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almoſt with Sorrow ſpent,

9 Thou

9 Thou God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from blame;
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
10 Let Infidels, that ſcoffing ſay,
Where is the God they boaſt?
In Vengeance for thy ſlaughter'd Saints,
perceive thee to their Coſt.
11 Lord, hear the ſighing Pris'ners Moans,
thy ſaving Pow'r extend;
Preſerve the Wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely End.
12 On them, who us oppreſs, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſeven times more
than what on us they laid.
13 So we thy People and thy Flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O *Iſr'el*'s Shepherd, *Joſeph*'s Guide,
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that do'ſt on the Cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn State appear.
2 Behold how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manaſſeh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.
3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.
4 O thou, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring People pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no Return?
5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe; When

When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.
6 For us the Heathen Nations round
As for a common Prey, conteſt;
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound,
And at our loſt Condition jeſt.
7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay,
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'ſt a Vine from *Egypt*'s Land;
And caſting out the Heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thine own Right Hand,
And firmly fix'd it in their Place.
9 Before it thou prepar'dſt the Way,
And mad'ſt it take a laſting Root,
Which, bleſt with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.
10, 11 The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem;
Its Branches to the Sea were ſpread,
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
12 Why then haſt thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hadſt made ſo firm and ſtrong?
Whilſt all its Grapes, defenceleſs grown,
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.
13 See how the briſtling Foreſt Boar
With dreadful Fury lays it waſte.
Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar,
And to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray;
Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne, this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State with Pity view.
15 Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,
Which thy Right-Hand did guard ſo long;

And

And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
16 To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.
17 Crown thou the King with good Succeſs,
By thy Right Hand ſecur'd from Wrong.
The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs,
Whom for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.
18 So ſhall we ſtill continue free
From whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praiſe thy holy Name.
19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay,
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauſes ſing:
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe,
to *Jacob*'s awful King.
2 Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
your Inſtruments of Joy;
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps,
your grateful Skill employ.
3 Let Trumpets at the great New Moon,
their joyful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
the ſolemn Day of Praiſe.
4 For this a Statute was of old,
which *Jacob*'s God decreed
To be with pious Care obſerv'd
by *Iſrael*'s choſen Seed.
5 This He for a Memorial fix'd,
when freed from *Egypt*'s Land,
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
but could not underſtand.

6 Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus ſeem'd our God to ſay)
Your ſervile Hands by me were freed
from lab'ring in the Clay.
7 Your Anceſtors, with Wrongs oppreſt,
to me for Aid did call;
With Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw,
and ſet them free from all.
They ſought for me, and from the Clouds,
in Thunder I reply'd;
At *Meribah*'s contentious Stream
their Faith and Duty try'd.

PART II.

8 While I my ſolemn Will declare,
my choſen People, hear;
If thou, O *Iſr'el* to my Words
wilt lend thy liſt'ning Ear;
9 Then ſhall no God beſides myſelf
within thy Coaſts be found:
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God
of all the Nations round.
10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from *Egypt*'s Land;
'Tis I that all thy juſt Deſires
ſupply with lib'ral Hand.
11 But they, my choſen Race, refus'd
to hearken to my Voice;
Nor would rebellious *Iſr'el*'s Sons
make me their happy Choice.
12 So I provok'd, reſign'd them up,
to ev'ry Luſt a Prey;
And, in their own perverſe Deſigns
permitted them to ſtray.
13 O that my People wiſely would
my juſt Commandments heed!
And *Iſr'el* in my righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed!
14 Then ſhould my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe;

And

And my avenging Hand be turn'd
against their num'rous Foes.
15 Their Enemies and mine, ſhould all
before my Footſtool bend;
But as for them their happy State
ſhall never know an End.
16 All Parts with Plenty ſhall abound;
with fineſt Wheat their Field:
The barren Rocks, to pleaſe their Taſte,
ſhould richeſt Honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great aſſembly ſtands
where his impartial Eye
In State ſurveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.
2, 3 How dare ye then unjuſtly judge
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans, and the Poor,
let ſuch your Juſtice find.
4 Protect the humble helpleſs Man
reduc'd to deep Diſtreſs,
And let not him become a Prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.
5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray;
Juſtice and Truth, the World's great Props,
thro' all the Land decay.
6 Well then might God in Anger ſay,
"I've call'd ye by my Name:
"I've ſaid ye are Gods, the Sons and Heirs
"of my immortal Fame.
7 "But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeds
"to ſtrict Account I'll call;
"You all ſhall die like common Men,
"like other Tyrants fall."
8 Ariſe, and thy juſt Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

PSALM

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee!
2 For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are ſpread;
And they which hate thy Saints and Thee,
lift up their threatning Head.
3 Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine;
And to deſtroy thy choſen Saints
have laid their cloſe Deſign.
4 "Come, let us cut them off, ſay they,
"their Nation quite deface;
"That no Remembrance may remain
"of *Iſr'el*'s hated Race.
5 Thus they againſt thy Peoples Peace
conſult with one Conſent;
And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice vent.
6 The *Iſhm'elites* that dwell in Tents,
with warlike *Edom* join'd,
And *Moab*'s Sons our Ruin vow
with *Hagar*'s Race combin'd:
7 Proud *Ammon*'s Offſpring, *Gebal* too
with *Amalek* conſpire:
The Lords of *Paleſtine*, and all
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*.
8 All theſe the ſtrong *Aſſyrian* King
their firm Ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
th' inceſtuous Race of *Lot*.

PART II.

9 But let ſuch Vengeance come to them,
as once to *Midian* came;
To *Jabin* and proud *Siſera*,
at *Kiſhon*'s fatal Stream.

10 When

10 When thy Right-Hand their num'rous Hoſts
near *Endor* did confound,
And left their Carcaſes for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.
11 Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of *Zeb* and *Oreb* ſhare;
As *Zeba* and *Zalmunnah*, ſo
let all their Princes fare.
12 Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
" In firm Poſſeſſion for ourſelves
" let us God's Houſes take.
13 To Ruin let them haſte, like Wheels
which downward ſwifty move;
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.
14, 15 As Flames conſume dry Wood, or Heath
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce purſuing Wrath
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes.
16, 17 Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name;
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd Hearts
thy gentler Means diſclaim.
18 So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs
that Thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name o'er all the Earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty Throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O God of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place,
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face!
2 My longing Soul faints with Deſire,
to view thy bleſt Abode;
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out
for Thee the living God.
3 The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Temple throng; Se-

Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their Young.
4 O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!
5 Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has Thee
their ſure Protection made,
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!
6 Who paſs thro' parch'd and thirſty Vales
yet no Refreſhment want;
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou
at their Requeſt doſt grant.
7 Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
and ſtill approach more near;
'Till all on *Sion*'s holy Mount
before their God appear.
8 O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
my juſt Requeſt regard!
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
be ſtill with Favour heard;
9 Behold, O God, for Thou alone
can'ſt timely Aid diſpenſe;
On thy anointed Servant look,
be Thou his ſtrong Defence.
10 For in thy Courts one ſingle Day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place beſides
a thouſand Days to ſpend.
Much rather in God's Houſe will I
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.
11 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.

Thou

12 Thou God, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on Thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd;
And faithful *Jacob*'s captive Race
haſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3 Thy People's Sins thou haſt forgiv'n,
and all their Guilt defac'd;
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.
4 O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting Tears,
thy Wrath no more may burn.
5, 6 For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.
7 Thy gracious Favour, Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous Mercy's ſake,
thy wonted Aid afford.
8 God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait,
for he, with glad Succeſs,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bleſs.
9 To all that fear his holy Name
his ſure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation ſhall appear.
10 For Mercy now with Truth is join'd,
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour; [Heav'n
And God, from whom all Goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt Paths prepare;
While we his holy Steps purſue
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me diſtreſs'd and deſtitute
of all Relief but thine;
2 Do thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore:
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe Truſt
relies on thee, reſtore.
3 To me who daily Thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
on thee alone depend.
5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe
who for thy Mercy ſue.
6 To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled I on Thee will call,
for thou wilt anſwer me.
8 Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To Thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.
9 Therefore their great Creator Thee,
the Nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe
to thy bleſt Name reſtore.

10 All ſhall confeſs Thee great, and great
the Wonders thou haſt done;
Confeſs thee God, thee God ſupreme,
confeſs Thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
from Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy ſacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe thee with Heart ſincere:
And to thy everlaſting Name
eternal Trophies rear.
13 Thy boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to me
tranſcends my Pow'r to tell,
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my Soul
from loweſt Depths of Hell.
14 O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Deſtruction ſought,
Regardleſs of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought:
15 But thou thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt
to my Aſſiſtance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlaſting Spring!
16 O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant ſhow,
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,
thine Handmaid's Son, beſtow.
17 Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may ſee with Shame and Rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort do'ſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;
the Lord there condeſcends to dwell:
2 His *Sion*'s Gates, in his Account,
our *Iſr'el*'s faireſt Tents excel.

3 Fame glorious Things of Thee ſhall ſing,
O City of th' Almighty King!
4 I'll mention *Rahab* with due Praiſe,
in *Babylon*'s Applauſes join,
The Fame of *Ethiopia* raiſe,
with that of *Tyre* and *Paleſtine*;
And grant that ſome, amongſt them born,
their Age and Country did adorn.
5 But ſtill of *Sion* I'll aver
that many ſuch from her proceed;
Th' Almighty ſhall eſtabliſh her.
6 His gen'ral Liſt ſhall ſhew, when read,
That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.
7 He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
of ſuch as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Muſicians ſkill'd
and (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſions bring
like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO Thee, my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night addreſs my Cry:
2 Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear:
3 For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.
4 Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead,
5 Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From thee no more Remembrance have;
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Deſpair.
7 Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain;
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas, to bear the leaſt.
8 Remov'd from Friends I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none

A Visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confin'd, past Hopes of Liberty.
9 My Eyes from Weeping never cease,
They waste, but still my Griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I've pray'd,
With out-stretch'd Hand invok'd thy Aid.
10 Wilt thou by Miracle revive
The Dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
From Death restore thy Praise to sing,
Whom thou from Prison would'st not bring?
11 Shall the mute Grave thy Love confess?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulness?
12 Thy Truth and Pow'r Renown obtain,
Where Darkness and Oblivion reign?
13 To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn,
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my Soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious Look?
15 Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown;
Thy Terrors past distract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.
16 Thy Wrath hath burst upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread;
17 Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18 My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from Sight, and out of Call;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,
My Song on them shall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth shall tell.
2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,
Thy Mercy shall for ever last;
Thy Truth that doth the Heav'ns sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thus

3 Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" With *David* I a League have made;
" To him, my Servant, and my Choice,
" By ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd;
4 " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
" Thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain;
" To them thy Throne I will enſure,
" They ſhall to endleſs Ages reign."
5 For ſuch ſtupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.
6 What Seraph of Celeſtial Birth
To vie with *Iſr'el*'s God ſhall dare?
Or who among the Gods of Earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?
7 With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
His Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread
Who his Almighty Name confeſs.
8 Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?
9 Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roul,
Thou mak'ſt the rolling Billows ſleep.
10 Thou brak'ſt in Pieces *Rahab*'s Pride,
And did'ſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm:
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.
11 In Thee the ſov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preſerver own.
12 The Poles on which the Globe does reſt,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice;

Tabor

Tabor and *Hermon*, East and West,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.
13 Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Yet Lord, thou dost with Justice reign;
14 Possest of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Festivals appear,
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.
16 Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy Righteousness employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17 For in thy Strength they shall advance,
Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.
18 The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
And *Isr'el*'s God our *Isr'el*'s King.
19 Thus spak'st thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" A mighty Champion I will send,
" From *Judah*'s Tribe have I made Choice
" Of one who shall the rest defend.
20 " My Servant *David* I have found,
" With holy Oil anointed him;
21 " Him shall the Hand support that crown'd,
" And guard that gave the Diadem.
22 " No Prince from him shall Tribute force,
" No Son of Strife shall him annoy;
23 " His spiteful Foes I will disperse,
" And them before his Face destroy.
24 " My Truth and Grace shall him sustain;
" His Armies, in well order'd Ranks,
25 " Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main
" To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Banks.
26 " Me for his Father he shall take,
" His God and Rock of Safety call,
27 " Him I my first-born Son will make,
" And earthly Kings his Subjects all.

28 " To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
" My Cov'nant make for ever faſt.
29 " His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
" His Throne, till Heav'n diſſolve, ſhall laſt.

PART II.

30 " But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
" And from my ſacred Precepts ſtray;
31 " If they my righteous Statutes break,
" Nor ſtrictly my Commands obey;
32 " Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
" And for their Folly make them ſmart;
33 " Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
" Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.
34 " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But in Remembrance faſt retain;
" The Thing that once my Lips have ſpoke
" Shall in eternal Force remain.
35 " Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
" And made my Holineſs the Tie,
" That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
" Nor to my Servant *David* lie.
36 " Whoſe Throne and Race the conſtant Sun
" Shall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſh'd ſee;
37 " Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon,
" In Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be."
38 Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
But thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
Thy own Anointed haſt abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.
39 Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt his Honour laid.
40 Of ſtrong Holds thou haſt him bereft,
And brought his Bulwarks to decay;
41 His frontier Coaſts defenceleſs left,
A public Scorn, and common Prey.
42 His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might; 43

43 Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.
44 His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,
His Throne is level'd with the Ground;
45 His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.
46 How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn
'Till that and we at once expire?
47 Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space
Thou doſt for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain;
48 What Man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
The Grave that muſt Mankind entomb?
49 Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs Grace,
The Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to *David* and his Race,
The Grant which Time ſhou'd ne'er repeal?
50 See how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear
From Nations of licentious Might.
51 How they, reproaching thy great Name,
Have made thy Servants Hope their Jeſt:
52 Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
And ever ſing, *The Lord be bleſt.*

Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

1 O Lord, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy choſen Race,
From Age to Age thou ſtill haſt been
our ſure abiding Place.
2 Before thou brought'ſt the Mountains forth,
or th' Earth and World didſt frame,

Thou

Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the ſame;
3 Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt,
of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, *Return*,
'tis inſtantly obey'd.
4 For in thy Sight a thouſand Years
are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whoſe Hours unminded waſte.
5 Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a Flood,
we vaniſh hence like Dreams;
At firſt we grow like Graſs that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams:
6 But howſoever freſh and fair
its Morning Beauty ſhows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the Ev'ning cloſe.
7, 8 We by thine Anger are conſum'd,
and by thy Wrath diſmay'd;
Our publick Crimes and ſecret Sins
before thy Sight are laid.
9 Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unregarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.
10 Our Term of Time is ſeventy Years,
an Age that few ſurvive:
But if, with more than common Strength,
to Eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain;
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.

12 So

12 So teach us, Lord, th'uncertain Sum
of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.
13 O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do thou
of our juſt Doom repent.
14 To ſatisfy and chear our Souls,
thy early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.
15 Let happy Times with large Amends
dry up our former Tears;
Or equal at the leaſt the Term
of our afflicted Years.
16 To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to our Offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.
17 Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our Work Succeſs;
The glorious Work we have in Hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty Shade,
ſecure and undiſturb'd abide.
2 Thus to my Soul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
my God in whom I will confide.
3 His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
and from the noiſome Peſtilence:
4 He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
his Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5 No Terrors that ſurprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
6 Nor Plague, of unknown Riſe that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills,
that in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.
7 A thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy Right-hand ten thouſand lie,
while thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
8 Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The Wicked's ſad Cataſtrophe,
and count the Sinner's mournful Gains.
9 Becauſe with well-plac'd Confidence,
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
and on the Higheſt do'ſt rely;
10 Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
any infectious Plague draw nigh.
11 For he throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
ſhall give his Angels ſtrict Commands,
12 And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
ſhall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.
13 Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie.
14 Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
and fix his glorious Throne on high.
15 He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befals;
increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:
16 And when, with undiſturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
his End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high; And

And with repeated Hymns of Praiſe,
his Name to magnify.
2 With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant Truth, each Night,
the glad Effects repeat.
3 To ten-ſtring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
With tuneful Pſalt'ries join'd,
And to the Harp, with ſolemn Sounds,
for ſacred Uſe deſign'd.
4 For thro' thy wondrous Works, O Lord,
thou mak'ſt my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful Voice.
5, 6 How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord!
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whoſe winding Tracts, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid Sinner ſees.
7 He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Graſs, look freſh and gay;
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt
for ever paſs away.
8, 9 But thou, my God, art ſtill moſt High;
and all thy loſty Foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10 Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated Head.
11 I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal End of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12 But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
ſhall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on *Lebanon*
in ſtately Order grow.

13, 14 Theſe

13, 14 Theſe, planted in the Houſe of God,
within his Courts ſhall thrive;
Their Vigor and their Luſtre both
ſhall in old Age revive.
15 Thus will the Lord his Juſtice ſhew;
And God my ſtrong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

1 WIth Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
the Lord, that o'er all Nations reigns,
The World's Foundations ſtrongly laid,
and the vaſt Fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.
2 How ſurely ſtabliſh'd is thy Throne!
which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
art God from all Eternity.
3, 4 The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
and toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe,
and make the angry Sea comply.
5 Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure,
and they that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure,
muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2 O God to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe thou Judge of all the Earth,
and cruſh thy haughty Foes.
3, 4 How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful Men
their ſolemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boaſt?
and, inſolently ſpeak?
5, 6 Not only they thy Saints oppreſs,
but, unprovok'd, they ſpill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpleſs Orphans kill.

7 "And

7 "And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they ſpeak)
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds
"the God of *Jacob* take.
8 At length, ye ſtupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to diſcern;
In Folly will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn?
9, 10 Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe,
who his known Will defy?
11 He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

12 Bleſt is the Man whom thou, O Lord,
in Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk
doſt lovingly adviſe.
13 This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find
in Seaſons of Diſtreſs:
Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14 For God ſhall never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take;
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot,
he will not quite forſake.
15 The World ſhall then confeſs Thee juſt
in all that thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.
16 Who will appear in my Behalf,
(when wicked Men invade)
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs,
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19 Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,

To

To ſtay me when I ſlept; when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.
20 Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain?
21 Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
they form their cloſe Deſign;
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.
22 But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt High;
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
23 The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
on their own Heads to fall;
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off,
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King:
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.
2 Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.
3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is, with unrivall'd Glory, great;
A King ſuperior far to all,
Whom by his Title God we call.
4 The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that threat the Skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.
5 The rolling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs
By the ſame ſov'reign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.

6 O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there:
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.
7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture Sheep are we.
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To-day if you his Voice will hear,
8 Let not your harden'd Hearts renew
Your Father's Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In deſart Plain of *Meribah!*
9 When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd:
They ſtill, through Unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
10, 11 They forty Years my Patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd.
Then — 'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd:
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path:
Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſware,
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new made Song;
Let Earth in one Aſſembly Throng,
Her common Patron's Praiſe reſound.
2 Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name,
From Day to Day his Praiſe proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3 To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities.
5 For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathens call:
He only rules who made the Skies.

6 With Majeſty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne ſurround;
7 Be therefore both to him reſtor'd
By you, who have falſe Gods ador'd,
Aſcribe due Honours to his Name;
8 Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim.
9 To worſhip at his ſacred Court,
Let all the trembling World reſort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whoſe Power the Univerſe ſuſtains,
And baniſh'd Juſtice will reſtore.
11 Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confeſs,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth expreſs,
Its loud Applauſe the Ocean roar;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.
12 For Joy let fertile Vallies ſing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
13 The Lord approach to celebrate,
Who now ſets out with awful State,
His Circuit through the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 JEhovah reigns, let all the Earth
In his juſt Government rejoice;
Let all the Iſles with ſacred Mirth,
In his Applauſe unite their Voice.
2 Darkneſs and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazling Glory ſhroud in State;
Juſtice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.
3 Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance ſtruck;
4 His Lightnings ſet the World on blaze,
Earth ſaw it and with Terror ſhook.

5 The

5 The proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
The proudeſt Hills like Wax did melt
In Preſence of th'Almighty Lord.
6 The Heav'ns his Righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With Storms of Fire our Foes purſu'd,
And all the trembling World below,
Have his deſcending Glory view'd.
7 Confounded be their impious Hoſt,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant Idols boaſt,
To him, ye Gods, your Worſhip pay.
8 Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
And *Judah*'s Daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan Pride and Pow'r deſtroy'd.
9 For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd:
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,
Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.
10 You who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's Ill, and Truth eſteem:
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.
11 For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
A future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart that's right,
To recompenſe its pious Truſt.
12 Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs,
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 SIng to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wondrous Things has done;
With his right Hand and holy Arm,
the Conqueſt he has won.
2 The Lord has through th'aſtoniſh'd World
diſplay'd his ſaving Might,

And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathens Sight.
3 Of *Iſr'el*'s Houſe his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been;
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r
of *Iſr'el*'s God have ſeen.
4 Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.
5 With Harp and Hymns ſoft Melody
into the Conſort bring,
6 The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's Sound
before th'Almighty King.
7 Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
join Conſort with the Main.
8 With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
to ſpreading Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
redoubled Shouts convey;
9 To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Juſtice come,
And, with impartial Equity,
both to Reward and Doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 JEhovah reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake;
On Cherubs Wings he ſits enthron'd:
let Earth's Foundations ſhake.
2 On *Sion*'s Hill he keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.
3 Let therefore all with Praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful Name,
And with his unreſiſted Might
his Holineſs proclaim.

4 For

4 For Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take place;
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to *Jacob*'s Race.
5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs extol.
6 *Moſes* and *Aaron* thus of old,
amongſt his Prieſts ador'd;
Amongſt his Prophets *Samuel* thus
his ſacred Name implor'd.
Diſtreſs'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.
7 For, with their Camp, to guide their March
the cloudy Pillar mov'd:
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
obedient Servants prov'd.
8 He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his People for their Sake;
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd,
did ſad Examples make.
9 With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he who only holy is,
alone ſhould be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, 2 WITH one Conſent let all the Earth,
To God their chearful Voices raiſe,
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.
3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuſes for his own,
The Flock which he vouchſafes to feed.
4 O enter then his Temple Gate,
Thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,

And

And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.
5 For he's the Lord ſupremely good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth which all Times firmly ſtood,
To endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF Mercy's never-failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to Thee belong,
To Thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2 When, Lord, thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life myſelf I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.
3 No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do.
4 Who to Reproof have no Regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5 The private Slanderer ſhall be
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the Heart of Pride.
6 But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell,
In Splendor at my Court ſhall dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments there.
7 No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend:
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.
8 All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy 'till none remain
God's holy City to prophane.

PSALM CII.

1 WHEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend, To

To thy eternal Throne of Grace
let my ſad Cry aſcend.
2 O hide not thou thy glorious Face
in Time of deep Diſtreſs;
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.
3 Each cloudy Portion of my Life
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth
that's parch'd with conſtant Fires.
4 My Heart, like Graſs that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.
5 By reaſon of my ſad Eſtate
I ſpend my Breath in Groans;
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6 I'm like a Pelican become,
that does in Deſarts mourn:
Or like an Owl that ſits all Day
in hollow Tree forlorn.
7 In Watching or in reſtleſs Dreams
the Night by me is ſpent,
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds
that loneſome Roofs frequent.
8 All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;
Who all poſſeſs'd with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.
9 When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſs'd with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
my Drink is mix'd with Tears.
10 Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath doth lie:
For thou, to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11 My Days juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade;
My Beauty does, like wither'd Graſs,
with waning Luſtre fade.
12 But thy eternal State, O Lord,
no Length of Time ſhall waſte;
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works
from Age to Age ſhall laſt.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and *Sion* view
with an unclouded Face;
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Time of Grace.
14 Her ſcatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints
with Pity are ſurvey'd;
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.
15, 16 The Name and Glory of the Lord
all Heathen Kings ſhall fear;
When he ſhall *Sion* meet again,
and in full State appear.
17, 18 When he regards the Poor's Requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt Pray'r;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.
19 For God from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams diſplay'd;
The Lord, from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,
hath all the Earth ſurvey'd.
20 He liſt'ned to the Captives Moans,
he heard their mournful Cry,
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
the Wretches doom'd to die.
21 That they, in *Sion* where he dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City ſing
loud Praiſes to his Name.
22 When all the Tribes aſſembling there,
their ſolemn Vows addreſs,

And

And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.
23 But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
through his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful Days.
24 Lord, end not thou my Life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt;
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endleſs Ages laſt.
25 The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
of old by Thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made:
26, 27 Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall fade away;
And like a Garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.
Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their Change,
to thy Command they bend;
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy Years an End.
28 Thou to the Children of thy Saints
ſhall laſting Quiet give;
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fix'd,
ſhall in thy Preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2 MY Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.
3, 4 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.
5, 6 He with good things my Mouth ſupplies,
My Vigor, Eagle-like, renews;
He when the guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
His Foe with juſt Revenge purſues. 7 God

7 God made of old his righteous Ways
To *Moſes* and our Fathers known;
His Works to his eternal Praiſe,
Were to the Sons of *Jacob* ſhown.
8 The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace;
His waken'd Wrath does ſlowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.
9, 10 God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part;
And loves his Puniſhments to guide,
More by his Love than our Deſert.
11 As high as Heav'n its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay;
So much his boundleſs Love tranſcends
The ſmall Reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13 As far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
So far has he our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breaſt
Has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.
14, 15 For God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but Clay;
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our Days
Like Graſs or Flowers muſt fade away;
16, 17 Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſts,
Nor can we find their former Place;
God's faithful Mercy ever laſts,
To thoſe that fear him, and their Race.
18 This ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill
Proceed in his appointed Way;
And who not only know his Will,
But to it juſt Obedience pay.
19, 20 The Lord, the Univerſal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne:
To him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great Strength his Pow'r is ſhown.
Ye that his juſt Commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred Will;

21 Ye Hoſts of his this Tribute pay,
Who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.
22 Let ev'ry Creature jointly bleſs
The mighty Lord: And thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs;
And in this Conſort bear thy Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my Soul; thou Lord alone
Poſſeſſeſt Empire without Bounds,
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.
2 With Light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take;
Heav'ns Curtains ſtretch'd beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.
3 God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4 As bright as Flame, as ſwift as Wind
His Miniſters Heav'ns Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Taſks aſſign'd;
All proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's Will.
5, 6 Earth on her Centre fix'd, he ſet,
Her Face with Water overſpread;
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.
7 But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd; they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
And by their Haſte confeſs'd their Dread.
8 Thence up by ſecret Tracks they creep,
And guſhing from the Mountains Side,
Thro' Vallies travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.
9 There haſt thou fix'd the Ocean's Bounds,
The threatning Surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpaſs their Mounds,
Nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her loſt Hills;
And ſtarting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
11 The Fields tame Beaſts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought;
And Aſſes on wild Mountains bred,
Have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.
12 There ſhady Trees from ſcorching Beams,
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.
13 His Rains from Heav'n, parcht Hills recruit,
That ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store;
'Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.
14 Graſs, for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the Growth of ev'ry Field;
Herbs, for Man's Uſe, of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Phyſic yield.
15 With cluſter'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares,
Gives Oil that makes his Face to ſhine;
And Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The Trees of God, without the Care
Or Art of Man with Sap are fed;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,
As thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.
17 Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
The Wand'rers of the Air may reſt;
The hoſpitable Pine from Harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.
18 Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler Creatures Refuge take.

19 The

19 The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the Year;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows
His Hours to riſe and diſappear.
20, 21 Darkneſs he makes the Earth to ſhroud,
When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
To Providence, that ſends 'em Prey.
22 They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
'Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſkulk in Dens, with one Conſent,
The conſcious Ravagers return.
23 Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repoſe.
24 How various, Lord, thy Works are found;
For which thy Wiſdom we adore!
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
'Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25 But ſtill, the vaſt unfathom'd Main
Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain,
Of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
26 Full freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmoleſted Way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has Compaſs there to play.
27 Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Senſe of common Want agree;
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from thee.
28 They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide;
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World, is all ſupply'd.

29 Thou

29 Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn:
Thou tak'ſt their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother Earth return.
30 Again thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth,
T' inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent-Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.
31 Thus through ſucceſſive Ages ſtands
Firm fixt thy Providential Care;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.
32 One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.
33 In praiſing God, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;
34 And join Devotion to my Songs
Sincere, as in him is my Joy:
35 While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
'Till, with my Song, the liſt'ning World
Join Conſort, and his Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render Thanks and bleſs the Lord,
invoke his ſacred Name;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchleſs Deeds proclaim.
2 Sing to his Praiſe, in lofty Hymns
his wondrous Works rehearſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and Subject of your Verſe.
3 Rejoice in his bleſt Name, a Name,
alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore; And

And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face for evermore.
5 The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in Mind;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.
6 Know ye his Servant *Abr'am*'s Seed,
and *Jacob*'s choſen Race,
7 He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth take place.
8 His Cov'nant he hath kept in Mind
for num'rous Ages paſt,
Which yet for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.
9 Firſt ſign'd to *Abr'am*, next by Oath
to *Iſaac* made ſecure;
10 To *Jacob* and his Heirs a Law
for ever to endure:
11 That *Canaan*'s Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were:
12 But few in Number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs Strangers there.
13 In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
14 Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs for their ſakes,
ſeverely he reprov'd:
15 "Theſe mine anointed are, ſaid he,
"Let none my Servants wrong,
"Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill
"That does to me belong.
16 A Dearth at laſt, by his Command,
did through the Land prevail;
'Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
ſuſtaining Corn did fail.
17 But his indulgent Providence
had pious *Joſeph* ſent,
Sold into *Egypt*, but their Death
who ſold him to prevent.

18 His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
with Calumny his Fame;
19 'Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.
20 The King his Sov'reign Order ſent,
and reſcu'd him with Speed;
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.
21 His Court, Revenues, Realms, were all
ſubjected to his Will;
22 His greateſt Princes to controul,
and teach his Stateſmen Skill.

PART II.

23 To *Egypt* then, invited Gueſts,
half-famiſh'd *Iſr'el* came;
And *Jacob* held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of *Ham*.
24 Th'Almighty there with ſuch Increaſe
his People multiply'd,
'Till with their proud Oppreſſors they
in Strength and Number vy'd.
25 Their vaſt Increaſe th'*Egyptians* Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
'Till they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26 His Servant *Moſes* then he ſent,
his choſen *Aaron* too;
27 Empower'd with Signs and Miracles
to prove their Miſſion true.
28 He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew;
29 Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood,
the wand'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
30 In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
the Peſt of Frogs was bred;
From noiſome Fens ſent up to croak
at *Pharaoh*'s Board and Bed.
31 He gave the Signal, Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy Hoſts; Whilſt

Whilſt Earth's enliven'd Duſt below
bred Lice through all their Coaſts.
32 He ſent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew.
33 He ſmote their Vines, and Foreſt Plants,
and Gardens Pride o'erthrew.
34 He ſpake the Word, and Locuſts came,
and Caterpillars join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.
35 From Trees to Herbage they deſcend,
no verdant Thing they ſpare;
But like the naked fallow Field,
leave all their Paſtures bare.
36 From Fields to Villages and Towns,
commiſſion'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke their eldeſt Hopes
and Strength of *Egypt* ſlew.
37 He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with *Egypt*'s borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſures elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.
38 *Egypt* rejoyc'd, in hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills
by thoſe already prov'd.
39 Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day
a journeying Cloud was ſpread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night
their deſart Marches led.
40 They long'd for Fleſh; with Ev'ning Quails
he furniſh'd ev'ry Tent:
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels ſent.
41 He ſmote the Rock; whoſe flinty Breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing Tide,
Whoſe flowing Stream, where'er they march'd,
the Deſart's Drought ſupply'd.

42 For ſtill he did on *Abr'am*'s Faith
and ancient League reflect;
43 He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his Elect.
44 Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes
from *Canaan*'s fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Poſſeſſion gave
the Fruits of others Toil:
45 That they his Statutes might obſerve,
his ſacred Laws obey.
For Benefits ſo vaſt, let us
our Songs of Praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm through Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2 Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe,
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?
3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray;
Who know what's right; not only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.
4 Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.
5 O may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity;
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6 But ah! can we expect ſuch Grace,
Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score?
7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought; The

The Red Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.
8 Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign Pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.
9 To Right and Left, at his Command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As through ſome parch'd and deſart Way.
10 Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear,
11 Whoſe Rage purſu'd 'em to thoſe Waves,
That prov'd the raſh Purſuers Graves.
12 The watry Mountains ſudden Fall
O'erwhelms proud *Pharaoh*, Hoſt and all.
This Proof did ſtupid *Iſr'el* move
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

13 But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not;
14 But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh Temptations preſs.
15 Strong Food at their Requeſt he ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment.
16 Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet whom he choſe.
17 But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extended wide,
Raſh *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
With proud *Abiram*'s factious Crew.
18 The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train, became
A Prey to Heav'ns devouring Flame.
19 Near *Horeb*'s Mount, a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;

20 Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
22 His Signs in *Ham*'s aſtoniſh'd Coaſt,
And where proud *Pharaoh*'s Troops were loſt.
23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand he rear'd:
But *Moſes* in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'ns kindled Wrath away.
24, 25 Yet they the pleaſant Land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd;
Nor did th'Almighty's Voice obey;
But when God ſaid, *Go up*, would ſtay.
26, 27 This ſeal'd their Doom, without Redreſs
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by Heathen Hands
O'erthrown, and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28 Yet unreclaim'd, this ſtubborn Race
Baal Peor's Worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious Gueſts, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29 Thus they perſiſted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke:
'Tis come: —— the deadly Peſt is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.
30 But *Phineas*, fir'd with holy Rage,
(Th'Almighty Vengeance to aſſuage)
Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
Th'Atonement make that ranſom'd *All*.
31 As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd;
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Prieſthood he ſo well did grace.
32 At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moſes* for their ſakes reprov'd;
33 Whoſe patient Soul they did provoke,
'Till raſhly the meek Prophet ſpoke. 34 Nor

34 Nor when poſſeſs'd of *Canaan*'s Land,
Did they perform their Lord's Command,
Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to deſtroy.
35 Nor only ſpar'd the Pagan Crew,
But mingling learnt their Vices too;
36 And Worſhip to thoſe Idols paid,
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
37, 38 To Devils they did ſacrifice
Their Children with relentleſs Eyes;
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.
No cheaper Victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did theſe ſavage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates ſuffice;
For after their Hearts Luſts they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
40 But Sins of ſuch infernal Hue
God's Wrath againſt his People drew,
'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhorr'd.
41 He them defenceleſs did expoſe
To their inſulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of thoſe who bore them greateſt Hate.
42 Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their Liſt of Tyrants he increas'd,
'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vaſſals of Mankind.
43 Yet, when diſtreſs'd, they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent:
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.

44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd,
45 But did to mind his Promiſe bring,
And Mercy's inexhauſted Spring.
46 Compaſſion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
In thoſe who them to Bondage led.
47 Still ſave us, Lord, and *Iſr'el*'s Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy Praiſe.
48 Let *Iſr'el*'s God be ever bleſs'd,
His Name eternally confeſs'd:
Let all his Saints with full Accord
Sing loud *Amen.*——*Praiſe ye the Lord.*

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
Who does our daily Patron prove:
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe
Attend on his eternal Love.
2, 3 Let thoſe give thanks whom he from Bands
Of proud oppreſſing Foes releas'd;
And brought them back from diſtant Lands,
From North and South, and Weſt and Eaſt.
4, 5 Through lonely deſart Ways they went,
Nor cou'd a peopled City find;
'Till quite with Thirſt and Hunger ſpent,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
6 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.
7 From crooked Paths he led them forth,
And in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Reſort,
Where all their Wants were full ſupply'd.

8 O then that all the Earth with me
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
9 For he from Heav'n the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
His Goodneſs daily Food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with Darkneſs compaſs'd round,
In Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
By preſſing Cares more heavy made.
11, 12 Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With theſe Afflictions they were try'd:
They fell, and none could Help afford.
13 Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.
14 From diſmal Dungeons, dark as Night,
And Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcome Liberty beſtow'd.
15 O then that all the Earth with me
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
16 For he with his Almighty Hand,
The Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor could the maſſy Bars withſtand,
Or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorſeleſs Wretches, void of Senſe,
With bold Tranſgreſſions God defy;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
Oppreſs'd with ſore Diſeaſes lie:

18 Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to taſte the choiceſt Meats;
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's inhoſpitable Gates.
19 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear,
Do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
20 He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all human Succour fails,
From near Deſtruction them retrieves.
21 O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
22 With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
Whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs,
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his Acts of Wonder bleſs!

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in Ships, with Courage bold,
O'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue,
Do God's amazing Works behold,
And in the Deep his Wonders view.
25 No ſooner his Command is paſt,
But forth the dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
And makes the ſtormy Billows riſe.
26 Sometimes the Ships, toſs'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mounting Waves appear;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n,
Whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27 They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſs'd;
Nor do the ſkilful Seamen know
Which way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.
28 Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry addreſs; Who

Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.
29, 30 He does the raging Storm appeaſe,
And makes the Billows calm and ſtill;
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe,
And their intended Courſe fulfil.
31 O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!
32 Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court
With one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim!

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36 The parch'd and deſart Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells,
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.
37, 38 He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39 But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
His Health and Subſtance fade away:
He feels th' Oppreſſor's gauling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.
40 The Prince that ſlights God's juſt Commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne;
And over wild and deſart Lands,
Where no Path offers, ſtray alone.
41 Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in time his num'rous Heirs
With his increaſing Flocks to vie,

42, 43 Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
The Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe theſe ſtrange Events ſhall weigh,
And thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O God, my Heart is fully bent
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praiſe
ſhall celebrate thy Fame.
2 Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy
prevent the dawning Day.
3 To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy wond'rous Works I'll tell,
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe
that round about us dwell;
4 Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height
the higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.
5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the ſtarry Frame;
And let the World, with one Conſent,
confeſs thy glorious Name.
6 That all thy choſen People Thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right Hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer thou my Pray'r.
7 Since God himſelf has ſaid the Word,
whoſe Promiſe cannot fail,
With Joy I *Sichem* will divide,
and meaſure *Succoth*'s Vale;
8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manaſſeh* too,
and *Ephraim* owns my Cauſe:
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r ſupports,
and *Judah* gives my Laws.
9 *Moab* I'll make my ſervile Drudge,
on vanquiſh'd *Edom* tread; And

And thro' the proud *Philiſtine* Lands,
my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.
10 By whoſe Support and Aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead
thro' *Edom*'s guarded Plain?
11 Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our Arms,
which late thou did forſake?
And wilt not thou, of theſe our Hoſts,
once more the Guidance take?
12 O to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend;
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.
13 Then valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe,
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O God, whoſe former Mercies make
my conſtant Praiſe thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my ſad State
with wonted Favour view.
2 For ſinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their ſtudied Slanders ſeek
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.
3 Their reſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill
malicious Lies to ſpread;
And all againſt my Life combine,
by cauſeleſs Fury led.
4 Thoſe whom with tend'reſt Love I us'd,
my chief Oppoſers are;
Whilſt I, of other Friends bereft,
reſort to thee by Pray'r.
5 Since Miſchief, for the Good I did,
their ſtrange Reward does prove;
And Hatred's the Return they make
for undiſſembled Love:

6 Their

6 Their guilty Leader ſhall be made
to ſome ill Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuſer have.
7 His Grief, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful Fate,
Whilſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves
his Crimes to aggravate.
8 He ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
ſhan't live out half his Days;
Another, by Divine Decree,
ſhall on his Office ſeize.
9, 10 His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife
a Widow plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.
11 His ill got Riches ſhall be made
to Uſurers a Prey;
The Fruit of all his Toil ſhall be
by Strangers born away.
12 None ſhall be found that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs Orphan Seed
the leaſt Aſſiſtance lend.
13 A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name
ſhall utterly deface.
14 The Vengeance of his Father's Sins,
upon his Head ſhall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think,
and puniſh him for all.
15 All theſe in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
'Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16 Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd,
but ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd; And

And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man,
with heavy Woes diſtreſs'd.
17 Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own Portion prove;
And Bleſſing, which he ſtill abhorr'd,
ſhall far from him remove.
18 Since he in curſing took ſuch Pride,
like Water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his Veins, and ſtick like Oil
with which his Bones are fed.
19 This, like a poiſon'd Robe, ſhall ſtill
his conſtant Cov'ring be,
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
he never ſhall be free.
20 Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
that Ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe Reports
againſt my Life combine.
21 But for thy Glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious Mercy's Sake,
preſerve and ſet me free:
22 For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd,
am void of all Relief;
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs,
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
23 I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,
which vaniſhes apace;
Like Locuſts up and down I'm toſs'd,
and have no certain Place.
24, 25 My Knees with Faſting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
and treat me with Diſdain.
26, 27 But for thy Mercies ſake, O Lord,
do thou my Foes withſtand;
That all may ſee 'tis thine own Act,
the Work of thy Right-Hand.

28 Then

28 Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoice in thee.
29 My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and ſpite of all his Pride,
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.
30 But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
31 For him the Poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant Friend;
And he ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltleſs Souls defend.

PSALM CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſaid,
"'Till I thy Foes my Footſtool make
"Sit thou, in State, at my Right-hand.
2 "Supreme in *Sion* thou ſhalt be,
"And all thy proud Oppoſers ſee
"Subjected to thy juſt Command.
3 "Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
"The willing Nations ſhall obey.
"And when thy riſing Beams they view,
"Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
"Appear as numberleſs and bright
"As cryſtal Drops of Morning Dew."
4 The Lord hath ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That like *Melchizadech*'s, thy Reign
And Prieſthood ſhall no Period know:
5 No proud Competitor to ſit
At thy Right-hand will he permit;
But in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.
6 The ſentenc'd Heathen he ſhall ſlay,
And fill with Carcaſſes his Way,
'Till he hath ſtruck Earth's Tyrants dead:

7 But

7 But in the High-way Brooks ſhall firſt,
Like a poor Pilgrim ſlake his Thirſt,
And then in Triumph raiſe his Head.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord our God, to praiſe
My Soul her utmoſt Pow'rs ſhall raiſe,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints his Praiſe ſhall be my Song.
2 His Works, for Greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.
3 His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.
4 By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind;
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5 His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants Wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in Mind;
His Cov'nant with our Fathers ſign'd.
6 At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their Heritage poſſeſs'd.
7 Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands,
8 By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9 He ſet his Saints from Bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the ſame;
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.
10 Who Wiſdom's ſacred Prize would win
Muſt with the Fear of God begin;

Immortal Praiſe and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his Will.

PSALM CXII.

HADLELUJAH.

1 THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred Law:
2 His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.
3 His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury;
His Juſtice free from all Decay
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.
4 The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shine's brighteſt in Affliction's Night:
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.
5 His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his Charity impairs
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.
6 Beſet with threatning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground:
The ſweet Rememb'rance of the Juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in Duſt.
7 Ill Tidings never can ſurprize,
His Heart that, fix'd, on God relies:
8 On Safety's Rock he ſits, and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.
9 His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10 The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vaniſh with themſelves away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord
The Triumphs of his Name record:

2 His

2 His ſacred Name for ever bleſs.
3 Where-e'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams, or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.
4 God thro' the World extends his Sway:
The Regions of eternal Day,
But Shadows of his Glory are.
5 To him whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.
6 Though 'tis beneath his State to view
In higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchſafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the Greateſt there.
7 When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſing of an Heir,
To reſcue their expiring Name:
Makes her, that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear.
O then extol his matchleſs Fame!

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN *Iſr'el*, by th'Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppreſſor's Spoil)
From *Egypt* march'd, and *Jacob*'s Seed
From Bondage in a foreign Soil;
2 Jehovah, for his Reſidence,
Choſe out Imperial *Judah*'s Tent,
His Manſion Royal, and from thence
Thro' *Iſr'el*'s Camp his Orders ſent.
3 The diſtant Sea with Terror ſaw,
And from th'Almighty's Preſence fled;
Old *Jordan*'s Streams, ſurpriz'd with Awe,
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4 The taller Mountains ſkipp'd like Rams,
When Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills ſkipp'd after them like Lambs,
Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

5 O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan*, againſt Nature's Law,
Recoild'ſt thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6 Why Mountains did ye ſkip like Rams,
When Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs
When they their Leader's Flight behold?
7 Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's Face to ſee:
When *Jacob*'s awful God draws near,
'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee.
8 To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Confirms and cancels at his Will;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
And thirſty Vales with Water fill.

PSALM CXV.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy ſacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's ſake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2 Why ſhould the Heathen cry, Where's now
the God whom we adore?
3 Convince 'em that in Heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
4 Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands;
5 With ſpeechleſs Mouth, and ſightleſs Eyes,
the molten Idol ſtands.
6 The Pageant has both Ears and Noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7 Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move,
no Life within it dwells.
8 Such ſenſeleſs Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like 'em find;
But thoſe who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.
9 O *Iſr'el*, make the Lord your Truſt,
who is your Help and Shield; 10 Prieſts,

10 Prieſts, Levites, truſt in him alone,
who only Help can yield.
11 Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants ſupply.
12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
and *Iſr'el*'s Houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confeſs.
14 On you, and on your Heirs, he will
Increaſe of Bleſſings bring:
15 Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this Almighty King.
16 Heav'ns higheſt Orb of Glory, he
his Empire's Seat deſign'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.
17 They who in Death and Silence ſleep
to him no Praiſe afford:
18 But we will bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love
entirely is poſſeſt,
Becauſe the Lord vouchſaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Requeſt.
2 Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the Straits of Life
to him addreſs my Pray'r.
3 With deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
with Pains of Hell oppreſs'd;
When Troubles ſeiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguiſh rack'd my Breaſt:
4 On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
" Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my Soul,
" with Sorrow quite diſmay'd;

5, 6 How juſt and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
does timely Help afford.
7 Then, free from penſive Cares, my Soul,
reſume thy wonted Reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteous Love expreſt.
8 When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my Dangers and my Fears:
My Feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9 Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in Praiſes to his Name,
and in his Service ſpend.
10, 11 In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt Straits did boaſt;
(For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid
from faithleſs Men were loſt:)
12, 13 Then what Return to him ſhall I
for all his Goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with glad Zeal
the Cup of Bleſſing take.
14, 15 I'll pay my Vows amongſt his Saints,
whoſe Blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account
is always highly priz'd:
16 By various Ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy Dominion bow;
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ranſom'd Captive now!
17, 18 To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
and whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vows
To all thy Saints proclaim.
19 They in *Jeruſalem* ſhall meet,
and in thy Houſe ſhall join,

To

To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe:
Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe.
2 God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful *Iſr'el* ſay.
3, 4 Their Senſe of his eternal Love,
let *Aaron*'s Houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord confeſs.
5 To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
6 Since therefore God does on my Side
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?
7 Since God with thoſe that aid my Cauſe
vouchſafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes I need not doubt
a juſt Return to make.
8, 9 For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.
10, 11 Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round;

Yet by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12 They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with Eaſe.
13 When all united preſs'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my Part,
and ſav'd me from them all.
14 The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
he only claims my Songs.
15 Joy fills the Dwellings of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to paſs
by his Almighty Arm.
16 He, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
has endleſs Honour won;
The ſaving Strength of his right Hand,
amazing Works has done.
17 God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works,
I may advance his Praiſe.
18 When God had ſorely me chaſtiz'd
'till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.
19 Then open wide the Temple Gates
to which the Juſt repair,
That I may enter in and praiſe
my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21 Within thoſe Gates of God's Abode
to which the Righteous preſs,
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy Name I'll bleſs.

22, 23 That

22, 23 That which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner Stone.
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
24, 25 This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoice.
26 Him that approaches in God's Name,
let all th'Aſſembly bleſs;
"We that belong to God's own Houſe,
"have wiſh'd you good Succeſs.
27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
both Light and Comfort find;
Faſt to the Altar's Horns with Cords
the choſen Victim bind.
28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
29 O then with me give thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
be endleſs as his Love.

PSALM CXIX.

ALEPH.

1 HOW bleſs'd are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the ſacred Paths
of God's Commandments ſtray!
2 Thrice bleſs'd! who to his righteous Laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favour ſought to win!
3 Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs,
with conſtant Care proceed.

4 Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.
5 O then that thy moſt holy Will
might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the Courſe of all my Life
by thy Direction guide!
6 Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all Confuſion free;
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.
7 My upright Heart ſhall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praiſes fill;
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I ſhall have learnt thy Will.
8 So to thy ſacred Law ſhall I
all due Obſervance pay:
O then forſake me not, my God,
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9 How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways
from all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
with thy Commands agree.
10 With hearty Zeal for thee I ſeek,
to thee for Succour pray;
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps
from thy right Paths to ſtray.
11 Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid
thy Word, my Treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.
12 Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name:
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws
my future Life to frame.
13 My Lips, unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd, How

How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deſerve our beſt Regard.
14 Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands
more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe
of envy'd Riches crown'd.
15 Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws
ſhall always fill my Mind,
And thoſe ſound Rules which thou preſcrib'ſt,
all due Reſpect ſhall find.
16 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd
ſhall be my conſtant Joy;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend,
That I according to thy Word
my future Time may ſpend.
18 Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wond'rous Things which they behold,
who thy juſt Precepts learn.
19 Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight
remove not thou away.
20 My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search
of thy juſt Will, intent.
21 Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.

23 Tho'

23 Though Princes oft, in Council met,
against thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I, thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſ'neſs make.
24 For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My Soul oppreſs'd with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Duſt does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.
26 To Thee I ſtill declar'd my Ways,
and thou inclin'dſt thine Ear;
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.
27 If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by thy Guidance walk;
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done,
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28 But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks,
preſs'd down with weighty Care;
Do thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.
29 Far, far from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by thee approv'd.
30 Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.
31 My Care has been to make my Life
with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
32 So in the Way of thy Commands
ſhall I with Pleaſure run, And

And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

H E.

33 Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go aſtray.

34 If thou true Wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart.

35 Direct me in the ſacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.

36 Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth
from thee my Thoughts divert.

37 From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes
which this falſe World diſplays;
But give me lively Pow'r and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.

38 Confirm the Promiſe which thou mad'ſt,
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
is awfully afraid.

39 The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in Mercy Lord remove;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt
are full of Grace and Love.

40 Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

V A U.

41 Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow,
to chear my drooping Heart;

To

To me, according to thy Word,
thy ſaving Health impart.
42 So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Anſwer make;
"In God I truſt, who never will
"his faithful Promiſe break."
43 Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope
thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
44 So I to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come
in their Obſervance ſpend.
45 E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I reſolve to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46 Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk;
and Princes ſhall attend,
Whilſt I the Juſtice of thy Ways
with Confidence defend.
47 My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy;
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.
48 Then will I to thy juſt Decrees
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſ'neſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
50 That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
did all my Griefs controul;
Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51 In-

51 Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride;
Yet, from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52 Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call to mind,
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.
53 Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful Foes
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
54 But I thy Statutes and Decrees
my chearful Anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and deſart Wilds
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.
55 Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.
56 That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou
and ſure Poſſeſſion art;
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to treaſure in my Heart.
58 With all the Strength of warm Deſires
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy Word,
thy Mercies boundleſs Store.
59 With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
60 I loſt no Time, but made great Haſte,
reſolv'd, without Delay,

To watch that I might never more
from thy Commandments ſtray.
61 Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in mind.
62 In dead of Night I will ariſe,
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.
63 To ſuch as fear thy holy Name,
myſelf I cloſely join;
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands reſign.
64 O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn,
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy Servant, thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy Word.
66 Teach me the ſacred Skill by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.
67 Before Affliction ſtopp'd my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd,
thy Precepts to obey.
68 Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all thou doſt is ſo;
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
thy ſaving Skill beſtow.
69 The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies,
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fix'd Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain. 70 While

70 While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.
72 The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the Workmanſhip
of thy Almighty Hands,
The Heav'nly Underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt Commands.
74 My Preſervation to thy Saints
ſtrong Comfort will afford,
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.
75 That right thy Judgments are, I now
by ſure Experience ſee;
And that in Faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.
76 O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promiſe, Lord,
to me, thy Servant, made.
77 To me thy ſaving Grace reſtore,
that I again may live;
Whoſe Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give,
78 Defeat the Proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have ſought;
Who only on thy ſacred Laws
employ my harmleſs Thought.
79 Let thoſe that fear thy Name, eſpouſe
my Cauſe, and thoſe alone Who

Who have by ſtrict and pious Search
thy ſacred Precepts known.
80 In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart
continue always ſound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,
may never me confound.

C A P H.

81 My Soul with long Expectance faints
to ſee thy ſaving Grace:
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.
82 My very Eyes conſume and fail
with waiting for thy Word;
O when wilt thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford.
83 My Skin like ſhrivel'd Parchment ſhows,
that long in Smoak is ſet;
Yet no Affliction me can force
thy Statutes to forget.
84 How many Days muſt I endure
of Sorrow and Diſtreſs?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppreſs?
85 The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
that have no other Foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee,
and thy juſt Laws oppoſe.
86 With Right and Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree;
Men perſecute me without Cauſe,
thou, Lord, my Helper be.
87 With cloſe Deſigns againſt my Life
they had almoſt prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd:
88 Thy wonted Kindneſs, Lord, reſtore,
my drooping Heart to chear;
That by thy righteous Statutes, I
my Life's whole Courſe may ſteer.

LA-

LAMED.

89 For ever and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou doſt remain;
Thy Word, eſtabliſh'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs ſuſtain.

90 Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable ſhall ſtand,
As doth the Earth which thou uphold'ſt
by thy Almighty Hand.

91 All Things the Courſe by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this Day fulfil;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.

92 Unleſs thy ſacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I muſt have fainted and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.

93 Thy Precepts therefore from my Thoughts
ſhall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them haſt to new Life
reſtor'd my dying Heart.

94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts ſought to know,
and carefully perform.

95 The Wicked have their Ambuſh laid
my guiltleſs Life to take;
But in the midſt of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.

96 I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below:
But thy Commandments, like Thyſelf,
no Change or Period know.

MEM.

97 The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay;
They with freſh Wonders entertain
my raviſh'd Thoughts all Day.

98 Thro' thy Commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtle Foes;
For thy ſure Word doth me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.
99 From me my former Teachers now
may abler Counſel take;
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I
my conſtant Study make.
100 In Underſtanding I excel
the Sages of our Days;
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.
101 My Feet with Care I have refrain'd
from ev'ry ſinful Way,
That to thy ſacred Word I might
entire Obedience pay.
102 I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd,
by vain Deſires miſled;
For, Lord, thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.
103 How ſweet are all thy Words to me;
O what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to my Soul,
than Honey to my Taſte.
104 Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt,
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
106 I ſwear (and from my ſolemn Oath
will never ſtart aſide)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.
107 Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt,
that I can bear no more;

Ac-

According to thy Word, do thou
my fainting Soul reſtore.
108 Let ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
with Thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing Mind.
109 Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
my Soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual Terrors keep
from thinking on thy Law.
110 My wicked and invet'rate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept thy upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.
111 Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoice.
112 My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey;
And 'till my Courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright Way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Law Affection bear
too great to be expreſs'd.
114 My Hiding-place, my Refuge-Tower,
and Shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.
115 Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
approach not my Abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116 According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger ſet me free,
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd
that I repoſe in Thee.

117 Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
To thy Decrees continually
my juſt Reſpect addreſs.

118 The Wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile Deceit the juſt Reward
of their own Falſhood made.

119 The Wicked from thy holy Land
thou doſt like Droſs remove;
I therefore, with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
thy Teſtimonies love.

120 Yet with that Love they make me dread,
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on Tranſgreſſors I behold
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

A I N.

121 Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
to my Oppreſſors Rage.

122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the Proud
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.

123 My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
in long Expectance held;
'Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.

124 To me, thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing Heart
thy Statutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
thy ſacred Skill beſtow,
That of thy Teſtimonies I
the full Extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,
thy Vengeance to employ, When

When Men with open Violence
thy ſacred Law deſtroy.
127 Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
but make their Value riſe
In my Eſteem, who pureſt Gold
compar'd with them deſpiſe.
128 Thy Precepts therefore I account,
in all reſpects, divine:
They teach me to diſcern the right,
and all falſe Ways decline.

P E.

129 The Wonders which thy Law contain,
no Words can repreſent;
Therefore to learn and practiſe them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
130 The very Entrance to thy Word
cœleſtial Light diſplays,
And Knowledge of true Happineſs
to ſimpleſt Minds conveys.
131 With eager Hopes I waiting ſtood,
and fainting with Deſire,
That of thy wiſe Commands I might
the ſacred Skill acquire.
132 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to viſit thoſe
who thy bleſt Name adore.
133 Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footſteps be;
Nor Wickedneſs of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.
134 Releaſe, entirely ſet me free
from perſecuting Hands,
That, unmoleſted, I may learn
and practiſe thy Commands.
135 On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine:
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.

136 My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To ſee Mankind againſt thy Laws
in bold Defiance go.

TSADE.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt;
And, like Thyſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all reſpects are juſt.

138 Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which thou didſt firſt decree;
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd,
ſucceeding Times ſhall ſee.

139 With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes contemn at once
thy Promiſes and Threats.

140 Yet each neglected Word of thine
(howe'er by them deſpis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141 Brought, for thy ſake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.

142 Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when Time itſelf is paſt;
Thy Law is Truth itſelf, that Truth
which ſhall for ever laſt.

143 Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubt and Dread
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make
thy Precepts my Delight.

144 Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give:
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

KOPH.

145 With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earneſt Cry;
And I thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.
146 Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me, that I may
Thy Teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.
147 My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
148 With Zeal have I awak'd before
the midnight Watch was ſet,
That I of thy myſterious Word
might perfect Knowledge get.
149 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour ſhew;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy Judgment ever true.
150 My perſecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law?
151 Though they draw nigh, my Comfort is
Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all,
thy Promiſes ſincere.
152 Concerning thy divine Decrees,
my Soul has known of old
That they were true, and ſhall their Truth
to endleſs Ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.

154 Plead thou my Cauſe; to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
according to thy Word.
155 From harden'd Sinners thou remov'ſt
Salvation far away:
'Tis juſt thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them,
who from thy Statutes ſtray.
156 Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who Thee adore;
According to thy Judgment, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.
157 A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.
158 Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride
thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.
159 Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from Above.
160 As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161 Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cauſe,
conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has Pow'r alone
to fill my Heart with Dread.
162 And yet that Word my joyful Breaſt
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War,
have ſuch tranſporting Charms,
163 Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;

But

But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164 Sev'n times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.
165 Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they
who truly love thy Law;
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.
166 For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and though ſo long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care
all thy Commands obey'd.
167 Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the Love I bore to them,
thy Service eaſy made.
168 From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret Ways
are open to thy View.

TAU.

169 To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.
170 Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Word
for my Relief draw near.
171 Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
When thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
172 My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

173 Let thy Almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid;
For I the Laws thou haſt ordain'd,
my Heart's free Choice have made.
174 My Soul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws afford.
175 Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe;
Whoſe Juſtice from the Depth of Woes
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.
176 Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, 'till I
deſpair my Way to find:
Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To reſcue me oppreſs'd with Wrongs;
2 Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues.
3 What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue, to Thee?
4 Thy Sting upon thyſelf ſhall turn;
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.
5 But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren *Meſech*'s deſart Soil!
With *Kedar*'s wicked Tents inclos'd,
To lawleſs Salvages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.
6 My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms:

7 Sweet

7 Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
They ſtraight cry out, *To Arms, To Arms.*

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO *Sion*'s Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid;
2 From *Sion*'s Hill and *Sion*'s God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3 Then, thou my Soul, in Safety reſt,
thy Guardian will not ſleep;
His watchful Care that *Iſr'el* guards,
will *Iſr'el*'s Monarch keep.
5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6 Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day or Night moleſt.
7 From common Accidents of Life
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
From the blind Strokes of Chance and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.
8 At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage
ſafe to thy Journey's End.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up *Iſr'el* to the Temple haſte,
and keep your Feſtal Day.
2 At *Salem*'s Courts we muſt appear
with our aſſembled Pow'rs;
3 In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs;
4 'Tis thither, by Divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.
5 Tribunals ſtand erected there
where Equity takes Place; There

There ſtands the Courts and Palaces
of Royal *David*'s Race.

6 O, pray we then for *Salem*'s Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true Love to thee.

7 May Peace within thy ſacred Walls
a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.

8 For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends,
no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray——May Peace in *Salem*'s Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.

9 But moſt of all I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's Sake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2 ON Thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies,
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Maſters Hands,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.

3, 4 O then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford:
To us whom cruel Foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our Diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord (may *Iſr'el* ſay)
been pleas'd to interpoſe,

2 Had he not then eſpous'd our Cauſe,
when Men againſt us roſe,

3, 4, 5 Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Controul;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who reſcu'd us that Day,

Nor

Nor to their ſavage Jaws gave up
our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7 Our Soul is like a Bird eſcap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſs'd,
and we at Freedom ſet.
8 Secure in his Almighty Name,
our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both ſole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO place on *Sion*'s God their Truſt,
like *Sion*'s Rock ſhall ſtand;
Like her immoveably be fixt
by his Almighty Hand.
2 Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side
Jeruſalem incloſe,
So ſtands the Lord around his Saints,
to guard 'em from their Foes.
3 The Wicked may afflict the Juſt,
but ne'er too long oppreſs,
Nor force him by Deſpair to ſeek
baſe Means for his Redreſs.
4 Be good, O righteous God, to thoſe
who righteous Deeds affect:
The Heart that Innocence retains,
let Innocence protect.
5 All thoſe who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord ſhall ſoon deſtroy;
Cut off th' Unjuſt, but crown the Saints
with laſting Peace and Joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN *Sion*'s God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing Dream
of what we wiſh'd to ſee:
2 But ſoon, in unaccuſtom'd Mirth,
we did our Voice employ,

And

And ſung our great Creator's Praiſe
in thankful Hymns of Joy.
Our Heathen Foes repining ſtood,
yet were oblig'd to own
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.

3 'Twas great, ſay they, 'twas wond'rous great,
much more ſhould we confeſs;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we reap the glad Succeſs.

4 To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of *Iſr'el*'s captive Bands,
More welcome than refreſhing Show'rs
to parch'd and thirſty Lands.

5 That we, whoſe Work commenc'd in Tears,
may ſee our Labours thrive,
'Till finiſh'd with Succeſs, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.

6 Tho' he deſponds that ſowes his Grain,
yet doubtleſs he ſhall come,
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
the joyful Harveſt home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitleſs Coſt, unleſs
the Lord the Pile ſuſtain,
Unleſs the Lord the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain:

2 In vain we riſe before the Day,
and late to Reſt repair,
Allow no Reſpite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.
Supplies of Life, with Eaſe to them,
he on his Saints beſtows;
He crowns their Labour with Succeſs,
their Nights with ſound Repoſe.

3 Children, thoſe Comforts of our Life,
are Preſents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
as Piety's Reward.

4 As Arrows in a Giant's Hand
when marching forth to War,
Ev'n ſo the Sons of ſprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
5 Happy the Man whoſe Quiver's fill'd
with theſe prevailing Arms;
He need not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is bleſt who fears the Lord,
nor only Worſhip pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care,
to his appointed Ways.
2 He ſhall upon the ſweet Returns
of his own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and ſee
his Wiſhes all ſucceed.
3 His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her loving Fruit ſhall bring;
His Children, like young Olive Plants,
about his Table ſpring:
4 Who fears the Lord, ſhall proſper thus;
him *Sion*'s God ſhall bleſs;
5 And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.
6 He ſhall live on, 'till Heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt Increaſe:
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in *Iſr'el*'s Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FROM my Youth up, may *Iſr'el* ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd,
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3 They oft have plow'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long:
4 But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.

5 Defeat

5 Defeat, Confuſion, ſhameful Rout
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe,
Their righteous Doom, who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion*'s God oppoſe.
6 Like Corn upon our Houſes Tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blaſted in the Blade:
7 Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves.
8 No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FROM loweſt Depths of Woe
to God I ſend my Cry,
2 Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and graciouſly reply.
3 Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
who can the Trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.
5 My Soul with Patience waits
for Thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
thy never-failing Word.
6 My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch
to ſpy the dawning Day.
7 Let *Iſr'el* truſt in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows,
8 Whoſe friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;

A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe,
and waſh our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me too high.
2 With Infant Innocence thou know'ſt
I have myſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a Babe
that from the Breaſt is wean'd.
3 Like me let *Iſr'el* hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET *David*, Lord, a conſtant Place
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
2 Remember what a ſolemn Oath
to thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the Mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob*'s Sons adore:
3, 4 I will not go into my Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
5 'Till for the Lord's deſign'd Abode
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
'Till I a decent Place of Reſt
for *Jacob*'s God have found.
6 Th' appointed Place with Shouts of Joy,
at *Ephrata* we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields
our glad Applauſe reſound.
7 O with due Rev'rence let us then
to his Abode repair;

And proſtrate at his Footſtool fall'n
pour out our humble Pray'r.
8 Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant Place of Reſt,
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.
9, 10 Cloath thou thy Prieſts with Righteouſneſs,
make thou thy Saints rejoice;
And for thy Servant *David*'s Sake,
hear thy Anointed's Voice.
11 God ſware to *David* in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne ſhall reign:
12 And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit;
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.
13, 14 For *Sion* does in God's Eſteem,
all other Seats excel;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt,
where he deſires to dwell.
15, 16 Her Store, ſays he, I will increaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts
my ſaving Health confeſs.
17 There *David*'s Pow'r ſhall long remain
in his ſucceſſive Line,
And my anointed Servant there
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18 The Faces of his vanquiſh'd Foes
Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt with confirm'd Succeſs, his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!

2 True

2 True Love is like that precious Oil
which, pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its coſtly Moiſture ſhed.
3 'Tis like refreſhing Dew, which does
on *Hermon*'s Top diſtill;
Or like the early Drops that fall
on *Sion*'s fruitful Hill.
4 For God to all, whoſe friendly Hearts
with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd Length of Days
with conſtant Bleſſings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BLESS God, ye Servants that attend
upon his ſolemn State,
That in his Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait:
2, 3 Within his Houſe lift up your Hands,
and bleſs his holy Name;
From *Sion* bleſs thy *Iſr'el*, Lord,
who Heav'n and Earth didſt frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with one Conſent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praiſe proclaim.
2 Praiſe him all ye that in his Houſe
attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe that to his outmoſt Courts
with humble Zeal repair.
3 For this our trueſt Int'reſt is,
glad Hymns of Praiſe to ſing;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name,
a moſt delightful thing.
4 For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of *Jacob* makes;
And *Iſr'el*'s Offſpring for his own
moſt valu'd Treaſure takes.

5 For oft have we, that God is great,
by glad Experience found;
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.
6 For he with unresisted Strength,
performs his Sov'reign Will,
In Heav'n and Earth, and watry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.
7 He raises Vapours from the Ground,
which poiz'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at last in Show'rs thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare:
8 He from his Store-house brings the Winds;
and he with vengeful Hand,
The First-born slew of Man and Beast,
thro' *Egypt*'s mournful Land.
9 He dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd
thro' stubborn *Egypt*'s Coasts,
Nor *Pharaoh* could his Plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous Hosts.
10, 11 'Twas he that various Nations smote,
and mighty Kings suppress'd;
Sehon, and *Og*, and all besides
that *Canaan*'s Land possess'd.
12, 13 Their Land upon his chosen Race
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame shall always last,
his Praise shall never fail.
14 For God shall soon his People's Cause
with pitying Eyes survey;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.
15 Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.
16, 17 They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor see with polish'd Eyes;

Their

Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth supplies.
18 As senseless as themselves are they
that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times
on them for Aid rely.
19 Their just Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful *Isr'el* pay;
Nor let the Priests of *Aaron*'s Race
to bless the Lord delay.
20 Their Sense of his unbounded Love
let *Levi*'s House express;
And let all those that fear the Lord
his Name for ever bless.
21 Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in *Sion*'s Courts proclaim,
Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat:
To him due Praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.
2, 3 To him whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay:
For God, *&c.*
4, 5 By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, *&c.*
6 He spread the Ocean round
About the spacious Land;

And

And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand.
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Thro' Heav'n he did display
His num'rous Hosts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the First-born dead
Of *Egypt*'s stubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his resistless Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Disclos'd a middle Way,
Thro' which his People went.
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud *Pharaoh* and his Host,
Who daring to pursue,
Were in the Billows lost.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Thro' Desarts vast and wild
He led the chosen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed.
For God, &c.

19, 20 *Sihon*, whose potent Hand
Great *Ammon*'s Scepter sway'd;
And *Og*, whose stern Command
Rich *Bashan*'s Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Land whom he destroy'd,
He gave to *Isr'el*'s Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, &c.

23, 24 He

23, 24 He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought;
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought.
For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we, our weary'd Limbs to reſt,
Sat down, by proud *Euphrates* Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppreſt,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.

2 Our Harps, when that with Joy we ſung,
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With ſilent Strings neglected hung
On Willow-Trees that wither'd there.

3 Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd
To triumph in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſick and Mirth of us requir'd,
" Come, ſing us one of *Sion*'s Songs.

4 How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing?
Or touch our Harps with ſkilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King
Be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5 O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The ſpeaking Strings, with Art to move!

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue;
Or if I ſing one chearful Air,
'Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "Her ſtately Walls deface,
"And with the Ground quite level lay."
8 Proud *Babel*'s Daughter, doom'd to be
Of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey,
Bleſs'd is the Man who ſhall to thee
The Wrongs thou laidſt on us repay.
9 Thrice bleſs'd, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt,
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the Breaſt,
And daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 WIth my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.
2 I'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat;
and with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.
3 Thou graciouſly inclin'dſt thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry;
And when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
did'ſt inward Strength ſupply.
4 Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.
5 They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
6 For God altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor reſpect;
The Proud far off, in ſcornful Eye
beholds with juſt Neglect.
7 Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſs'd,
he ſhall my Foes diſarm,

Re-

Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,
and keep me safe from Harm.
8 The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,
shall fix my happy State;
And mindful of his Favours past,
shall his own Work compleat.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1, 2 THou Lord, by strictest Search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3 Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
4 Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words intent.
5 Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6 O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!
7 O cou'd I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun?
Or whither from thy Presence run?
8 If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light:
Or dive to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns,
9 If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
10 Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.
11 Or should I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night;
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkness into Day.
12 The Veil of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy all-searching Eyes:
Thro' Midnight Shades thou find'st thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day. 13 Thou

13 Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part.
Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14 I'll praiſe Thee from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul, with grateful Joy, muſt own.
15 Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay.
In ſecret, how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Incloſure brought.
16 Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embrio ſee,
Its Parts were regiſtred by Thee;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.
17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18 Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore;
Each Morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.
19 The Wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God:
Depart from me ye Men of Blood,
20 Whoſe Tongues Heav'ns Majeſty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21 Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
Who thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Law tranſgreſs?
22 Who practiſe Enmity to Thee,
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me;
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24 Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any Part;

Correct

Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PReserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous Intent;
2 And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Mischief bent.
3 Their sland'ring Tongues the Serpent's Sting
in Sharpness does exceed:
Between their Lips the Gall of Asps,
and Adders Venom breed.
4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin sworn.
5 The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
and spread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins where'er I move,
I find my Steps beset.
6 But thus environ'd with Distress,
thou art my God I said;
Lord hear my supplicating Voice,
that calls to thee for Aid.
7 O Lord, the God whose saving Strength
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battle's doubtful Day;
8 Permit not their unjust Designs
to answer their Desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
to bolder Crimes aspire.
9 Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects
of their Injustice mourn;
The Blast of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themselves return.
10 Let them who kindled first the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me be made
their own untimely Tomb.

11 Tho'

11 Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell,
that bears themſelves away.
12 God will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe,
and ſpeedy Succour give:
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
and in his Preſence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,
O haſte to my Relief:
And with accuſtom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2 Inſtead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.
3 From haſty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a conſtant Guard,
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
with wary Silence barr'd.
4 From wicked Mens Deſigns and Deeds
my Heart and Hands reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare
of their unrighteous Gain.
5 Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I ſhall think 'em kind;
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof ſhall find;
And in return, my fervent Pray'r
I ſhall for them addreſs,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to ſore Diſtreſs.
6 When ſkulking in *Engedi*'s Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I ſpoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill.
7 Yet us they perſecute to Death,
our ſcatter'd Ruins lie,

As

As thick as from the Hewer's Axe
the ſever'd Splinters fly.

8 But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct
my ſupplicating Eyes;
O leave not deſtitute my Soul,
whoſe Truſt on thee relies.

9 Do thou preſerve me from the Snares
that wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Eſcape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;

2 Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before him laid.

3 Thou didſt my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.

4 I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
his Pity or Redreſs.

5 To God at laſt I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
till Life itſelf depart.

6 Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
to Thee I make my Moan,
O ſave me from oppreſſive Foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.

7 That I may praiſe thy Name,
my Soul from Priſon bring;
Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me,
aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy wonted Audience lend;

In

In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Anſwer ſend.
2 Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be juſtify'd.
3 The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life,
whoſe Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Manſions of the Dead.
4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate,
with heavy Woes oppreſt.
5 I call to mind the Days of old;
and Wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes
employ my muſing Thought.
6 To thee my Hands in humble Prayer,
I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts,
like Land oppreſt with Drought.
7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails;
thy Face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn, like them
that in the Grave reſide.
8 Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go:
my Soul to thee aſcends.
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes,
preſerve and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from Thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

11 O for the Sake of thy great Name
revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's Sake to me distress'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.
12 In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame;
Slay them that persecute a Soul
devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever blest be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2 His Goodness is my Fort and Tow'r,
My strong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In him I trust, whose matchless Pow'r
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
3 Lord, what's in Man that thou should'st love
Of him such tender Care to take?
What in his Offspring could thee move
Such great Account of him to make?
4 The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whose short Stay no Signs remain.
5 In solemn State, O God, descend,
Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
The smoaking Hills asunder rend,
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6 Discharge thy dreadful Lightning round,
And make thy scatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Destruction soon compleat.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell;
And snatch me from the stormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches false and vain; Who

In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Answer send.
2 Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be justify'd.
3 The spiteful Foe pursues my Life,
whose Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Mansions of the Dead.
4 My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and sinks within my Breast;
My mournful Heart grows desolate,
with heavy Woes oppress.
5 I call to mind the Days of old;
and Wonders thou hast wrought:
My former Dangers and Escapes
employ my musing Thought.
6 To thee my Hands in humble Prayer,
I fervently stretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreshment thirsts,
like Land oppress with Drought.
7 Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails;
thy Face no longer hide,
Lest I become forlorn, like them
that in the Grave reside.
8 Thy Kindness early let me hear,
whose Trust on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I should go:
my Soul to thee ascends.
9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes,
preserve and set me free;
A safe Retreat against their Rage,
my Soul implores from Thee.
10 Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
instruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

11 O for the Sake of thy great Name
revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's Sake to me distress'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.
12 In Pity to my Sufferings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame;
Slay them that persecute a Soul
devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever blest be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2 His Goodness is my Fort and Tow'r,
My strong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In him I trust, whose matchless Pow'r
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.
3 Lord, what's in Man that thou should'st love
Of him such tender Care to take?
What in his Offspring could thee move
Such great Account of him to make?
4 The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whose short Stay no Signs remain.
5 In solemn State, O God, descend,
Whilst Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
The smoaking Hills asunder rend,
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6 Discharge thy dreadful Lightning round,
And make thy scatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Destruction soon compleat.
7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundless Pow'r my Foes to quell;
And snatch me from the stormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly swell.
Fight thou against my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches false and vain; Who

Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
9 So I to Thee, O King of Kings,
In joyful Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe,
And Inſtruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe.
10 "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"To them his ſure Salvation ſends;
"'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,
"His Servant *David* ſtill defends."
11 Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain,
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
12 Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome Royal Court to grace.
13 Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14 Strong ſhall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant Labour faint;
Whilſt we no War nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.
15 Thrice happy is that Peoples Caſe,
Whoſe various Bleſſings thus abound:
Who God's true Worſhip ſtill embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, 2 THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring
and ever bleſs thy Name.
3 Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty, with boundleſs Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

4 Re-

4 Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
successively descends.

5, 6 Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works express,
The World with me thy Might shall own,
and thy great Pow'r confess.

7 The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
they shall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
shall be the constant Theme.

8 The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace
his Pity still supplies;
His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
his willing Mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
by all thy Works express;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
is by thy Servants blest.

11 They, with a glorious Prospect fir'd,
shall of thy Kingdom speak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty Subjects make.

12 God's glorious Works of ancient Date,
shall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
with publick Splendor shown.

13 His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless Sway no End shall see,
but Time itself out-last.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall,
and makes the Prostrate rise;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food supplies.

16 Whate'er their various Wants require,
with open Hand he gives;

And so fulfils the just Desire
of every living thing.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord, how just!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Trust
for his Assistance prays!

19 He grants the full Desires of those
who him with Fear adore;
And all their Troubles soon compose,
when they his Aid implore.

20 The Lord preserves all those with Care
whom grateful Love employs:
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage destroys.

21 My Time to come, in Praises spent,
shall still advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Consent
for ever bless his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2 O Praise the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
for ever bless his Name!
His wond'rous Love, while Life shall last,
my constant Praise shall claim.

3 On Kings, the greatest Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.

4 Depriv'd of Breath, to Dust they turn,
and there neglected lie,
And all their Thoughts and vain Designs
together with them die.

5 Then happy he, who *Jacob*'s God
for his Protector takes;
Who still, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his constant Refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast Truth,
nor make his Promise vain.

7 The

7 The Poor oppreſt, from all their Wrongs,
are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Priſoners free.
8 By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the Weak and Fall'n he rears;
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.
9 The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.
10 The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures:
let all his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame!
For pleaſant, good, and comely, 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
2 His holy City God will build,
tho' level'd with the Ground;
Bring back his People, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the Nations round.
3, 4 He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds does cloſe;
He tells the Number of the Stars,
their ſev'ral Names he knows.
5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wiſdom has no Bound,
The Meek he raiſes, and throws down
the Wicked to the Ground.
7 To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praiſe
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String.
8 He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows;

Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.
9 He, ſavage Beaſts, that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies,
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.
10 He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength diſdain;
The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
no Prize from him can gain.
11 But he, to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs Grace
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.
12, 13 Let *Sion* and *Jeruſalem* then,
to God their Praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſy Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.
14, 15 Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace;
with fineſt Wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the Word, and what he wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16 Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
deſcend at his Command;
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.
17 When joyn'd to theſe, he does his Hail
in little Morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing Cold
ſecure Defences make?
18 He ſends his Word, which melts the Ice;
he makes his Wind to blow,
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.
19 By him his Statutes and Decrees
to *Jacob*'s Sons were ſhown;
And ſtill to *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed
his righteous Laws are known.

20 No

20 No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word.
Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2 YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Songs employ
Above the ſtarry Frame;
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

3, 4 Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from Nothing came:
And ſhall at laſt,
From Changes free:
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8 Let Earth her Tribute pay;
Praiſe him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that through the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales:
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Consort join'd)
By Cedars stately tall,
And Trees for Fruit design'd;
By ev'ry Beast,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be blest.
11, 12 Let all of Royal Birth,
With those of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchless Praise proclaim.
In this Design
Let Youth with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.
13 United Zeal be shown,
His wond'rous Fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.
Earth's utmost Ends
His Pow'r obey:
His glorious Sway
The Sky transcends.
14 His chosen Saints to Grace,
He sets them up on high
And favours *Isr'el*'s Race
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful Voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2 O Praise ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing,
In our great Creator
let *Isr'el* rejoice.

1 O And

And the Children of Sion
be glad in their King.
3, 4 Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance,
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praises express.
Who always takes Pleasure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the Humble to bless.
5, 6 With Glory adorn'd
his People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does shield.
Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged Sword
their Right-hand shall wield,
7, 8 Just Vengeance to take
for Injuries past;
To punish those Lands
for Ruin design'd;
With Chains, as their Captives,
to tie their Kings fast,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.
9 Thus shall they make good,
when them they destroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim,
Such Honour and Triumph
his Saints shall enjoy.
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name,

PSALM CL.

1 O Praise the Lord in that blest Place
from whence his Goodness largely flows;
Praise him in Heav'n where he his Face
unveil'd in perfect Glory shows. 2 Praise

2 Praise him for all the mighty Acts
which he in our Behalf has done;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
with which our Praise should equal run.
3 Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;
Praise him with Harp's melodious Noise,
and gentle Psaltry's silver Sound.
4 Let Virgin Troops soft Timbrels bring,
and some with graceful Motion dance;
Let Instruments of various Strings,
with Organs joyn'd, his Praise advance.
5 Let them who joyful Hymns compose,
to Cymbals set their Songs of Praise;
Cymbals of common Use, and those
that loudly sound on solemn Days.
6 Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
the Breath he does to them afford,
In just Returns of Praise employ;
let every Creature Praise the Lord.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 9 60 OCT

THE END.

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory, As it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be:
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all Eternity.

As the 100 *Pſalm.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory as it was of Old,
is now and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſ. 112, *and laſt Part of the* 113 *Pſalm Tune,*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heav'ns triumphant Hoſt,
and ſuffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
when Time itſelf muſt be no more.

As Pſalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One
All Worſhip be addreſt,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm 149.

By Angels in Heaven
of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
all Praiſe be addreſt
To God in Three Perſons,
one God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
and always ſhall be.

An Alphabetical TABLE, shewing how to find any Psalm, by its Beginning.

Psalm	Page
A	
AGAINST all those,	48
As pants the Hart,	62
At length by certain,	105
B	
Behold, O God,	120
Bless God, my Soul,	155
Bless God, ye Servants,	211
D	
Defend me, Lord,	140
Deliver me, O Lord,	81
Do thou, O God,	80
F	
For ever blest,	223
For thee, O God,	90
From lowest Depths,	108
From my Youth up,	207
G	
Give ear, thou Judge	78
God in the great,	125
God is our Refuge,	67
God's Temple crowns,	131
H	
Had not the Lord,	204
Happy the Man,	60
Have Mercy, Lord,	74
Hear, O my People,	113
He's blest whose Sins,	43
He that has God,	131
Hold not thy Peace,	127
How blest are they,	113
How blest is he,	1
How good and pleasant,	140
How long wilt thou,	94
How many, Lord of late,	13
How vast their,	118
J	
Jehovah reigns, let all,	146
Jehovah reigns, let therefore,	148
I'll celebrate thy,	86
In deep Distress,	202
In Judah thee,	111
In thee I put,	101
In vain, O Man,	76
Judge me, O Lord,	35
Just Judge of Heaven,	63
I waited meekly,	58
L	
Let all the Just,	44
Let all the Lands,	91
Let all the Living,	79
Let David, Lord,	209
Let God, the God,	92
Lord hear my Cry,	86
Lord, hear my Prayer,	221
Lord, hear the Voice,	4
Lord, hear the Voice,	89
Lord, let thy Just,	103
Lord, not to us,	178
Lord, save me for,	77
Lord, thou hast granted,	129
Lord, who's the happy,	16
M	
My trusty Foe with,	51
My God, my God, why,	28
My Soul for Help,	87
My Soul inspired,	153
My Soul with grateful,	179
N	
No Change of Times,	16
O	
O all ye People,	68
O come, loud Anthems,	4
Of Mercy never,	50
O God, my gracious,	88
O God my Heart,	170
O God of Hosts,	127
O God, to whom,	142

O God,

Psalm	Page
O God, who best,	98
O God, whose former,	171
O Israel's Shepherd,	121
O Lord, I am not,	211
O Lord, my God,	6
O Lord, my Rock,	27
O Lord, our Fathers,	63
O Lord the Saviour,	138
O Lord, thou art my,	3
O Lord, to my,	100
O thee who dwellest,	104
O praise the Lord,	134
O praise the Lord, and,	226
O praise the Lord in that,	232
O praise the Lord with,	227
O praise the Lord with one,	233
O praise the Lord,	230
O render Thanks, and,	118
O render Thanks to,	136
O thou to whom all	8
O 'twas a joyful,	209
P.	
Praise ye the Lord,	135
Preserve us, Lord,	219
Protect me from my,	16
R	
Resolv'd to watch,	57
S	
Save me, O God,	97
Since godly Men,	14
Since I have plac'd,	93
Sing to the Lord,	145
Sing to the Lord,	147
Speak, O ye Judges,	82
Sure, wicked Fools,	15
T.	
Thee I will bless,	224
The Heavens declare,	24
The King, O Lord,	20
The Lord hath spoke,	72
The Lord himself,	31
The Lord, the only God,	89
The Lord to thy Request	27
The Lord unto my,	174
The Man is blest who fears,	209
The Man is blest who stands,	17
The wicked fools,	6
The shaken Earth,	36
The wicked Men,	52
Then, Lord, by Actions,	212
Through all the changing,	17
Thy chastening Wrath,	38
Thy dreadful Anger,	5
Thy Mercy, Lord,	85
Thy Mercies, Lord,	138
Thy Presence why,	43
To bless thy Chosen,	93
To celebrate thy,	5
To God I cry'd,	119
To God in whom,	32
To God our Aid,	123
To God the mighty,	317
To God with mournful,	216
To God your grateful,	226
To my Complaints,	130
To my just Plea,	136
To thee, my God,	12
To thee, O God,	210
To thee, O Lord,	220
To Sion's Aid,	203
W.	
We build with,	214
When I pour out,	150
When Israel by,	177
When Sion's God,	205
When we were wearied,	215
While I the Kings,	65
Whom should I fear,	36
Who plac'd on Sion's God,	205
Why hast thou cast,	107
With chearful Notes,	171
With Glory clad,	142
With my whole Heart,	116
With one Consent,	149
With restless and,	2
Y	
Ye boundless Realms,	229
Ye Princes that,	58
Ye Saints and Servants,	179

Directions about the TUNES and MEASURES.

ALL Pſalms of this Verſion in the *common* Meaſures of Eights and Sixes, (that is, where the firſt and third Lines of the ſingle Stanza conſiſt of eight Syllables each, the ſecond and fourth Lines of ſix Syllables each) may be ſung to any of the moſt uſual Tunes, *viz. York* Tune, *Windſor*-Tune, St *David's*, *Litchfield*, *Canterbury*, *Martyrs*, *Southwell*, St. *Mary's*, alias *Hackney*-Tune, *&c.*

As the Old 25th Pſalm, may be ſung the New 25, 31, 67, 130.

As the Old 113, the 37, 46, 50, 63, 76, 91, 100, 113, 120.

As the Old 148, the 136, 140.

As the Old 104, the 149.

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